

# THE NORTHWEST

Illustrated Monthly Magazine

Copyrighted, 1892, by E. V. SMALLEY.

VOL. X.—No. 7.

ST. PAUL, JULY, 1892.

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## THE LAST HOME OF THE ELK.

BY LIEUT. J. P. O'NEIL, U. S. A.

One evening last winter several officers were sitting around a cosy fire in the club of a frontier post, recounting the experiences of "years ago," while on duty protecting the working parties of one of our transcontinental railroads. I was an attentive listener to the many narratives of their buffalo, bear and elk hunts. Game was then abundant. The vast prairies were dotted with herds of buffalo, and in the mountains numerous bands of elk and deer roamed wild and free. Comparing their descriptions of the plenty with the scarcity of game to-day, one must pause at the thought of the great destruction of animal life. Where once the buffalo roamed in countless thousands, they are now unknown, and future generations will learn of them only from the description of the naturalist. The elk, too, have almost passed away. A trip through the Big Horn Mountains suggests from the remains, still to be seen, that immense herds grazed on the ranges now given up to domestic cattle. When riding over the prairies, the round, sharp-pointed horn of the buffalo is upturned by your horse's hoof; or, passing through some secluded valley are found the antlers of an elk. They are the only signs to remind one of the mighty herds of olden days; the days of the grand hunts that are past.

Some few elk and deer are still found in the Rocky Mountain district, and in the Cascades, but they are fast disappearing. In the haunts where in times past the buffalo, elk, deer, goat and bear roamed undisturbed, is now the home of the farmer, the rancher, the woodchopper or the miner.

There is, however, one corner of our broad domain which has hitherto escaped the intrusion of all—even of the hunter; a region that greatly interests travelers and tourists, though they see it only from the decks of vessels. The people around it proclaim it the "Switzerland of America." It is a region of grand snow-crowned mountains on the western coast of the State of Washington, lying between Puget Sound, the "Adriatic of America," and the Pacific Ocean. This was called by Captain Vancouver in 1792 the Olympic Mountains—a name well deserved.

The country is rugged. When viewed from afar it seems to be a collection of saw-toothed, forest-clad ridges, crossing each other in every direction, and studded with snow-covered peaks. The closer view is no less picturesque. Beautiful streams, which are themselves only seven or

eight hundred feet above the sea, flow amid mountains towering to an altitude of 7,000 feet. Here and there the forests disappear and verdant openings are seen, some small, some covering many miles of space, dotted with lakes, fed by streams flowing from the snow on the mountains. The view from almost any point is picturesque beyond description. Often a dozen snow-capped peaks, sparkling in the sunlight, arise before one, while far down in the dim valley is seen a silver thread of water winding in its tortuous course to the ocean.

The Indians of this region belong to the great coast tribes whose homes are found from the Columbia River to Alaska. They inhabit only the coast and pay little attention to hunting, fishing being their principal occupation and means of sustenance. Many of them have now become civilized. Their old legends are interesting and poetical. The raven was viewed by them as a sacred bird, because of their belief

that during some great catastrophe, the national hero whom they revered as a deity took the form of that bird for the deliverance of his people. It is here, the legends say, the raven makes his home, and I believe that owing to this superstition they never attempted to penetrate these mountains. Even to-day their old men will tell you that a powerful tribe once went to the head of the Wishkal River in the southern range, and while in council there, the mountains fell on them, destroying the entire tribe but one; who, more timorous than the others, did not venture into the camp.

This peninsula was a terra incognita until 1895, when General Miles directed me to make an attempt to explore it.

Again, in 1890, I was sent by General Gibbon to complete the exploration. In each of these I had a thoroughly equipped party. Several attempts had been made between these years to penetrate these mountains; the most notable and successful of which was sent by the *Seattle Press*—but the dense forests and denser undergrowth made all attempts abortive, until a systematic work of trail-cutting was carried on. It was impossible to ascend the rivers to the interior on account of their rapid currents and numerous and impassable falls.

The stories of some of the people living around these mountains and the broken and rugged appearance of the country lead one to believe there are vast deposits of mineral wealth awaiting only the coming of a discoverer. I do not know but that this thought made me more anxious to penetrate the secrets of this unknown wild than even the delights of the nomadic life of the explorer. But before the trip was finished, the provoking



"WITH A HALF-DEFIANT LOOK, GAZED AT US UNTIL THE CAMERA SNAPPED."

coolness of our mineralogist with his "nothing here but sandstone," or "nothing here but basalt," at every range we crossed, had dampened my ardor as a prospector. Still, the region was so beautiful that I did not feel the bitterness of disappointment. Many weary weeks were spent chopping, sawing and bridging, in order to make a passable trail over almost impassable foothills, before we reached the mountains. But here trail-cutting was not the monotonous work it is in settled districts, for at times the axe, the mattock and the saw were suddenly dropped and the rifle seized. During the first expedition, after having finished the trail almost to the mountains, we were kept on the alert for three successive nights by a panther. Growing bolder at last he came closer and stampeded the animals and aroused the camps by his frightful screams. We then declared a war of extermination. This was delayed a few days, however, by the arrival at our camp of a party of prospectors, with a dog, who were following our trail into the mountains. They claimed that a panther would not approach a barking dog; and their dog barked enough to drive away both panther and sleep. Still, as long as the dog was with us we were not otherwise disturbed. But one bright moonlight night, shortly after our mining friends had returned to the coast, the tawny feline resumed his attentions and this time fell a victim to his desire for human companionship.

At last we were in the mountains. After conquering the obstacles presented by the foot-hills, we were free to venture into the far more dangerous passes and dizzy peaks of this home of the gods, and had our labors brought us no other recompense we could rest satisfied that we had found the home of the elk.

This animal is very often confounded with the moose, but it is a distinct species of the cervidae family, and, except in size, bears a stronger resemblance to the red stag of Great Britain than to the moose. The male, commonly called the bull, stands, when fully grown, about five feet high at the shoulders, and weighs from 500 to 800 pounds. He is covered with a rufous brown hair, which, in winter, changes to a light grey in color, and he is distinctly marked by a large light-colored spot on the haunches. The body is well proportioned, the legs slender and well formed, the neck thick but not ungainly, and is covered with long hair, slightly resembling a lion's mane; the head is shapely, the eyes large, round, soft-brown in color and very beautiful. From the frontal bone grow the antlers; these mark him the king of the cervidae. They are often of great size. I have been informed by a gentleman whose veracity I would not question, that in the Big Horn Mountains an elk was killed whose antlers, when resting on their tips, formed an arch under which a man of ordinary size passed without stooping. These antlers resemble somewhat those of the red stag, and they are not palmated like those of the moose, but are very shapely in appearance, and usually bear five times or prongs, though many are found with seven and some with eleven. Each elk has two teeth, molars, of pure ivory, called "elk ivories." There are numerous Indian traditions concerning them, one of which is, that when a young warrior kills his first elk, the ivories, if presented to a favorite squaw, will insure her happiness. They are a talisman.

By nature the elk is of a gentle, trusting disposition, but in the rutting season he is very fierce and makes a dangerous antagonist. His tremendous antlers, powerful legs and flat, sharp hoofs, are terrible weapons. With a single blow of the hoof he has been known to tear open a wolf. The males are often found alone in winter; during the spring and summer they are in small bands of three or four; in the latter part of September they join the main herds.

The females, or cows, are of the same form and color of the males, but do not attain the size of the latter, nor have they antlers. During the greater part of the year they are in bands, guarded by a patriarchal bull, who leads them from one feeding ground to another, and evinces the most tender solicitude and watchful care over his charge.

During the nights in September and October can be heard the whistle of the elk, a most peculiar noise, very much like a high flute-note, and plaintive, sweet and clear. I have often from my bed of boughs on the lonely mountain-side, listened to the calling in the valley below. It is a music one does not soon forget, and is a pleasing break in the monotony of loneliness. The elk are very easily followed. They are usually found in the open valleys near the heads of rivers. In the morning they feed on the luxuriant grass in the bottoms, and as the day grows ascend the mountains. During the hottest part of the day they take to the snow-fields, and as night comes on descend again to the river.

Were it not for the trails made by the elk, these mountains would be well-nigh impassable. They travel in bands from one feeding ground to another and their trails are well beaten. They are seldom at fault in their route, and if you wish to travel easily it is best to follow their path. There is, however, one trail leading down into the valley of the Quinault that is well beaten, but leads to an abrupt precipice, but these blind-trails are seldom found.

Elk are very stately animals when at rest, especially the males. Their usual gait is a trot, at which pace they travel with great rapidity, and only when very much excited do they break into a gallop. They are attractive to the sportsman not only for their size and beauty, and the magnificent trophy their antlers form, but also for their flesh, which is, except that of the very old bulls, the best of all game meats. The tongue is a noted delicacy.

My first experience in an elk hunt was one afternoon when walking some distance in advance of the pack-train, with Sergeant Weagraff, seeking a suitable place for the camp. Suddenly we came upon three large bull elk lying in the shade of a clump of pines. We were not looking for game of any kind and came upon these unprepared. I must confess that I was excited and that I had a very severe attack of "buck ague." But our presence did not seem to have the least effect on them, for they watched us as calmly as would calves in a paddock. Selecting the largest, a magnificent, seven-pronged fellow, I fired. I feared that in my agitation I had missed him, for he rose to his feet, and walked about fifty yards, seemingly uninjured, and then fell dead. I found that the bullet had pierced the apex of his heart. The sergeant succeeded in securing another. The third, alarmed at the firing, trotted away to the top of the ridge, turned to look at us again, then disappeared down the farther side. These creatures seemed to have absolutely no fear of us until we began firing, though they were not a hundred feet away when we paused in front of them to select our victims.

As I looked upon this magnificent creature, I was moved with unsportsman-like pity at his untimely fate. He was as large as one of our pack-mules. His antlers measured five feet and four inches from the base of his skull to their tips. His flat, sharp-edged hoof and muscular leg would have kept his enemies at a respectful distance, had they valued their lives. He was an ideal of physical force, perfectly proportioned. Hunger, however, is proof against pity, and as we had not tasted fresh meat for several weeks, the tongue and a choice cut were taken, with which we hastened back to the train and made camp. The meat was quickly broiled, but alas!

the anticipation of the feast far exceeded the reality, for our victims were veterans and the flesh was very strong and as tough as leather.

Shortly after supper the sergeant started out to find more palatable food. He had gone scarcely two hundred yards when we saw him halt and fire. I hastily joined him, and there below us was a band of about fifty cows and calves. A calf—the sergeant's victim—was lying dead on the rear side of the herd. The shot had startled them and they ran a short distance, then stopped and again began grazing. They discovered us as we walked up to the calf, and seemed to examine us attentively for a moment, and then scurried off down the valley. From this time on we ran across a band every few days, but I allowed no member of the party to kill any of them except for food.

One day I was tempted and fell. I was walking on the ridge and came suddenly on a large band, lying in a snow-field. They were guarded by an old bull—the most magnificent creature I ever saw. Coming on him so suddenly, for he was the first of the band I saw, I was again taken with the "buck ague," and without aim I fired at him and of course missed. The shot brought me to my senses. As we had no use for the meat it would have been wanton destruction to have killed him; still, it was with keen disappointment that I saw the band trot down the hill. The hunter's instinct is inherent in man, and I have found that it requires the greatest amount of self-denial to let a band of elk escape. On my last trip, the hunters I sent out to supply the larder of the camp ran across a similar band, and in a few moments thirteen were killed. We were camped near the spot five days, smoking and drying the meat for future use.

A little incident that occurred at our camp near the Bisland shows that the elk in this region has not yet learned to recognize in man his most dangerous enemy. A party had been sent out late in the afternoon to procure some meat. Just across the ridge they shot an elk and returned with some of the choice cuts to camp. Early next morning men were sent out to bring in the meat. On the way over, near the edge of the timber, was a sleeping elk. They came back for the camera, and then awoke him. He aroused himself, and with a half-defiant look, turned on the intruders, and gazed at us until the camera snapped, then trotted off, stopping now and then as if to assure himself of our intentions.

Though the elk here are the chief attraction, they are not the only game to tempt a sportsman. The deer are numerous, but they are almost always on inaccessible ridges, and their natural timidity makes them difficult to approach.

The black bear are also found in great numbers, and, like the elk, seem to have no regard for the presence of man. One of them calmly walked into our camp one morning and almost emptied the sugar sack before the cook could get his wits and pistol; the bear was finally disposed of after a few moments of wild excitement, and then every man in camp claimed that his shot had finished the fight. The fur is very good during a greater part of the year, for they seldom come down from the mountains except at night, then to feed on the fish in the shallow streams. They feed mostly on berries. Sergeant Weagraff, the best shot I have ever known, once performed the feat of killing two of good size with three shots. They were together and surrounded by us; they then showed fight, but four bounds was the most they took toward us. Every shot fired was fatal. I was not so successful. I attacked an old female who was guarding a cub that I was anxious to get. I aimed for her heart, and fired. She rolled over, and I thought it an easy victory. She was not dead, however, as the shot had but pierced the shoulders, and after a running fight, in which my back was often



turned to her, I succeeded in disposing of her after I had fired thirteen shots. The bear are found in every part of this region, and are so numerous that on one day's march we counted twenty-five.

Next to the elk the greatest treasure in this sportsman's paradise lies in its streams and lakes. The clear, sparkling water, now gliding smoothly over pebbly bottoms and seeking quiet pools under overhanging rocks and cliffs; now rushing over rapids, then through some narrow canon like a mountain torrent, to again flow peacefully between deep-fringed banks, are filled with trout. Our botanist, a thorough disciple of Isaak Walton, could gaze unmoved at a band of elk, but a quiet pool often lured him from his forty winks even in the face of a hard day's march. The professor had our thanks in the wilderness for many a morning's change from a breakfast of regulation bacon to a delicious mess of trout fresh from the stream beside our camp.

The lakes—and there are many of them—are even more enticing than the streams. Lake Quinault, on the southwestern side, is filled with magnificent salmon trout. This lake is in the Quinault Indian Reservation, and the Indians come up to fish. To lay back in one of their large canoes, with the Indian paddling his noiseless stroke, and troll for salmon trout is the acme of pleasure, and to land a fifteen-pound fish is exciting enough to arouse the most blasé.

The rivers, like all others that empty into the Pacific Ocean in this latitude, are, in the season, alive with salmon—the royal chinook, the king of fish, the delight of both sportsman and epicure. A favorite pastime with the Indian is spearing salmon. For an expert this is an interesting, but for a novice a very exasperating sport. When the fish are running he takes his position on a raft or an anchored canoe, or wades into the stream. The fish pays no more attention to him than to a snag. A good sportsman rarely launches his spear in vain. The fish-wheel, gill-net and stake-net have not yet made their appearance in these streams, and I hope they will long be conspicuous by their absence.

This region is safe from intrusion by the rancher. He can find no lodgement in its rugged, precipitous mountains, and will ever be confined to the outskirts. The miner will waste his time in prospecting for ore. The timber is its greatest natural product; vast forests of fir and cedar clothe its slopes, but are too inaccessible to be profitable.

These Olympic Mountains have every requisite for a national park and are easily reached. They are passed every year by the thousands who travel on Puget Sound, and who are now no longer deterred from entering them since the trail has been finished. The scenery cannot be surpassed, and further, it is here that game has not yet learned the fear of man. Here is the last home of the elk, where he roams free and fearless. But if he is not protected from the indiscriminate slaughter that has driven our game almost out of existence, he will in a few years be like the buffalo of our plains—a thing of the past.

#### EBB-TIDE.

Hast thou not watched afar the ebbing sea  
With ever lessening plash on bar and dune  
Creep slowly outward with the afternoon?  
How, wave by wave, degree by calm degree,  
The tides revealed their day-long mystery  
'Neath the cold glamour of an early moon;  
Low, weedy floors and beaches pebble-strewn,  
Dusk shallows, ledges dim, and wreck-bound lea.

Then, when the contemplative moon went down  
Mid wood-embroidered hills, and from the bar  
No sound came up, and from the pools no drone.  
Across the shingle where tall sea-cliffs frown  
How vastly loomed the starless night! How far  
Life seemed away, and thou, how weak and lone!

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

#### "OLD TIMOTHY."

There died recently at a hale old age at his home at the mouth of the Penawawa an Indian well and favorably known throughout the northwest as "Old Timothy." Two years ago, while coming down the Snake River, our boat stopped at Silcott's Landing, and just as we had made fast Captain Baughman said to me: "There stands old Timothy."

Glancing shoreward, at a short distance from the river by the side of his unpretentious house, I saw the ancient hero and chieftain, about whom clusters so much of the vivid history of Eastern Washington. So much has been told of him—so much to his praise, because of the good deeds done for and heroic services rendered to the whites of that section from the days of Lewis and Clarke in 1804 to the time of the unfortunate Steptoe, who with his troops was saved from annihilation by Timothy interposing his band of friendly braves between the savage cutthroats and the retreating soldiers in 1858, on the margin of the treacherous Snake River, and within a short distance of the place which the old man in after years selected for his home.

It was a pleasurable surprise to me to be able to see him—and to-day, looking back upon the event, I still regard it as one of the fortunate occurrences of my life. Although I had read much concerning Timothy, I had forgotten that he yet lived and when I looked upon him, into his dark but pleasant eyes, upon that swarthy and wrinkled cheek, and took the proffered and kindly hand—the hand that had touched that of Lewis and Clarke, in those far away days, had touched that of Colonel Steptoe after his defeat and rescue in later years—I was as much amazed as though I were in the presence of Cæsar or Bonaparte. I would not have been more surprised had either of them stood before me.

"For years," the captain said, "on bright days in summer the old fellow would come to his cabin door and wave his handkerchief in response to the saluting of the steamers," which was always done by them as they passed on their journey up or down that sinuous stream.

Just think of it; here was a man who told me of Lewis and Clarke, whose deeds and memories seem like phantoms of the heroic age—those brave men who came down this river that flows past his door, when this century, now so nearly ended, had just commenced its eventful march. For it is but historic truth that after their wanderings through the mountain wildernesses these travelers in 1804 came hither and found a safe camp at the mouth of Orofino Creek, on the south fork of the Clearwater, where they were most hospitably entertained by the Nez Percés, afterwards changing their location to where the picturesque and lovely city of Lewiston now stands, which place was named after one of the intrepid explorers. Old Lawyer and White Head, Nez Perce chiefs, who lived coincidentally with the explorers, were fully as friendly to them and to the whites of the succeeding generations as was Timothy, they living in peace and honor until only a few years ago, when they were gathered to their fathers. And to light up their dark eyes with the fire of youth, it was only necessary to mention in their presence the, to them, sacred names of Lewis and Clarke. These old men not only remembered them most pleasurably, but spoke their names in reverence. Nor is there any doubt but that the contact of these Indians with the explorers named, at that early day, and the influence exerted by the kind treatment received at their hands, has served to make that tribe of Indians the friends of the whites through all the intervening years, or at least up to the time of the Nez Perce war, which war is now recognized as having had all

the equity on the side of these Indians, and which would have been wholly unnecessary had our government kept faith one-tenth as strong and perfect as they have kept faith with the whites about them through all and every temptation and adversity.

In my talk with Old Timothy, he told me of the death of his wife, which had occurred the February previous. She, too, was a companion of her husband during these historic days, and remembered Lewis and Clarke well, and the old man took from their hiding place mementos given her by them when she was but a barbarian child, in the wild and wondrous days of the past. He, too, showed me what he thought was a picture of his wife, a newspaper cut that may, or may not, have resembled her, but he thought it did, and treasured it accordingly. At any rate, he found satisfaction in showing and preserving the likeness and put it away with the other things belonging to the dead woman, tenderly and with the same care as we all do the things of those who once were with us, but have gone into the shadowland, leaving behind memories as sweet as the perfume of flowers, and as tender as the cadence of a lovely song.

The recent general interest in the history of the great Northwest, resulting from the peopling and upbuilding of the country, unfolding traditions of the most beautiful nature, romances incomparably more interesting than those of any other section of the Union, has justified a reissuing of the history of the Lewis and Clarke expedition, and so great has been the demand for the work, by those who are interested in the history of this section, that the edition named, I am told, has been well nigh exhausted. One portion of the narrative minutely describes the meeting of these explorers and a large number of Indians, near where Wallula now stands, and of the presentation at that time of a medal, by Clarke, to one of the prominent chieftains—whose name I have just now forgotten—in recognition of his friendly offices. Is it not a singular historic fact connected with this incident, that only last summer the identical medal described in the history named was found on the very ground where the presentation occurred in the long ago?

There is no portion of the Northwest so replete with historic data as the city and vicinity of Walla Walla, where there yet remain a great number of pioneer men and women, abundantly able and quite willing, no doubt, to tell to those who care to know of the early days of that section which were so full of brave deeds, extreme peril, suffering, endurance, torture and sacrificial death. And it seems to me that there should be a way provided whereby the narratives of the participants in the early settlement of Washington and Oregon could be obtained and preserved for those who are to write the history of this country in days to come. This suggestion is all important in view of the fact that but a few years will pass ere those who have done so much in the upbuilding of our beautiful State will have passed to the great beyond, and the things they now know, so pertinent in establishing historic truth, will then have perished from mortal ken. Would that some wealthy person interested in such things, on behalf of an expectant future, provide the means to sustain someone with ready pen who would go among those pioneers and obtain from them precious facts, or to seek among the Indians of Washington and Oregon the wild myths, the strange romances and the weird traditions that, like the people possessing them, are so fast passing away.

MARION D. EGBERT.

South Bend, Wash.

## CLUB LIFE IN THE NORTHWEST.



PAUL SCHULZE, PRESIDENT UNION CLUB, TACOMA.

Club life has had a great development in our Northwestern country during the last few years. There is no large town without a well-supported club, and the cities show, among their objects of local pride, handsome club houses owned by the organizations which occupy them. The club spirit has spread even to the small towns and villages, if, indeed, there are any Western places that can be called villages. In the West hope and ambition convert every hamlet into a town and every town into a city. Clubs are much more readily formed and maintained in the West than in the East, for the reason that society does not divide itself into cliques. Nobody asks who your grandfather was. Every man is held to be a good citizen and a good fellow until he does something to prove he is neither. All the reputable business and professional men of a town readily coalesce. New-comers are welcome because they help build up the place and also because the spirit of Western life is unsuspicious, open-hearted and hospitable.

St. Paul has two excellent clubs, the Minnesota and the Commercial. The former has a wide reputation as a representative club, including in its membership nearly all the men of special prominence in the city and the State. It owns a substantial club house. The latter is a new club composed chiefly of the younger class of men in business and the professions. In Minneapolis there is a successful club which has just taken possession of a fine building of its own. Duluth is now building a club house. Small towns in Montana, like Miles City, Glendive and Livingston, support comfortably appointed club rooms, while the visitor to Helena is surprised at

the luxuriousness of the Montana Club rooms. The Silver Bow Club, in Butte, is famous as the resort of men who control the greatest silver and copper mines in the world. Much might be said in praise of the clubs of Spokane, Seattle and Fairhaven. The Arlington, in Portland, occupies a beautiful and dignified structure of its own and can challenge comparison with the best clubs of the East.

We give on this page a picture of the Union Club house, in Tacoma, and a portrait of the club's president, Paul Schulze. The club house is within five minutes' walk of the business heart of the city, and its position on the edge of the bluff gives from its broad piazzas two of the views which Tacoma people prize and which add very much to the charms of that social and progressive city; the one eastward to the lofty, gleaming white summit of Mount Tacoma, and the other down the Sound, over many miles of salt water and forest-clad islands and promontories. The club is a favorite luncheon resort for the merchants, lawyers, bankers, railroad men and real estate men of the city and to it they bring their friends from all parts of Washington and of the neighboring State of Oregon. In the opportunities it gives to the visitor to meet a large number of prominent and representative men it resembles the Minnesota Club, of St. Paul. Its smoking and reading rooms are handsomely furnished and contain many good works of art in paintings, engravings and etchings. The president, Mr. Schulze, is a man of vigorous and original personality, of wide acquaintance and of agreeable social traits. He is identified with many large interests in Tacoma and represents the Northern Pacific Railroad Company in the sale of its lands, coal and timber in all the region between Montana and the Pacific Coast. His extensive information about the resources of the entire Pacific Northwest, its industries and the men who are building up its busy communities, causes him to be sought out by most people of consequence from the East who visit Tacoma. To be Mr. Schulze's guest at the club is to learn a great deal about a very interesting region.

## PEACE.

"Peace!"  
Up he riseth from his sleep;  
In the room is silence deep,  
Save that 'gainst the outer wall  
He can hear the rain-drops fall,  
Out he peereth to the night,  
And his face is wild and white;  
But he does not turn his head  
From the window to the bed  
At his brother's whisper, "Peace!"  
"Peace!"  
Answered he: "ye can not hear  
All the sounds that reach mine ear,  
Sightless are your eyes to see  
Forms that ever follow me,  
If you saw their eye-balls shine,  
If your brain reeled as does mine,  
Would you dare to think of peace?"  
"Peace!"  
Backward, forward, to and fro,  
See you phantom figure go,  
Now it pauses in the gloom  
Of a corner of the room,  
And the face tho' mild and winning  
As an angel's free from sinning,  
Makes him shudder and draw back,  
Moaning in his pain's fierce rack,  
"Shall I never find release?"  
Peace!  
He had slain her with his hand,  
Tho' he did not understand  
What he did until 'twas done,  
Now no more beneath the sun  
Shall he know how to be gay,  
For with him abide alway  
Bitter thoughts that will not cease.  
"Peace!"  
She had whispered: "do not mourn  
That my spirit must return,"  
Then she kissed him ere she died,  
While he knelt down by her side;  
But his lips were dumb with pain,  
And he spoke not e'er again,  
Till her spirit lightly fled,  
And she lay before him, dead,  
O, the terror of the night,  
When the dark changed not to light,  
And the sad winds would not cease!  
Peace!  
Death hath summoned him as well,  
Hear ye not the funeral knell?  
Know ye not that in the air  
Is a whisper of despair?  
While beyond the oaken door  
Lies he who shall wake no more,  
Pain at last has purchased peace.

Alexandria, Neb.

LEWIS W. SMITH.



THE UNION CLUB, TACOMA, WASH.



# Recollections of a Man of Fifty.

Thirteenth Article.

A GOVERNMENT CLERK IN WASHINGTON.

The Washington which I saw late in the autumn of 1863 had very little in common with the handsome capital city of this day except the older public buildings. It was a straggling town of muddy streets and shabby houses with a little center of wealth and dignity in the quarter where the White House stands. Two streets, Pennsylvania Avenue and Seventh Street, were paved with cobble stones; all the others presented a surface of mud or dust, according to the season, and were cut up into deep ruts by the long trains of army wagons going to and from the camps and forts. The city was protected by a chain of forts, numbering, if I remember right, some thirty or forty, and connected by earthworks, ditches and abattis. In fact the whole place throbbled with the fierce pulses of war. Nearly half the men I saw on the streets wore the blue uniform. It was at this time that Abraham Lincoln made the quaint remark that you could not throw a walking stick into the crowd in front of Willard's Hotel without hitting at least six brigadier generals. Another story of Lincoln of the same date was that on receiving a dispatch announcing that the rebels in some raid had captured a brigadier and a hundred horses he said that he did not much mind the loss of the brigadier, for he could make as many as he wanted, but that it was a pity about the horses. Inside the cordon of forts and much nearer to the city was a line of hospitals where nearly ten thousand wounded men were waiting death or recovery. Only one railroad connected this vast camp and hospital with the friendly North, and between it and the enemy in Virginia the only obstacle was the Army of the Potomac. More than once during the Civil War the struggling armies came so near to the city that the roar of their guns could plainly be heard by the anxious inhabitants.

My friend French had engaged lodging and board for me in the house of a quadroon, who was President Lincoln's steward and was a man of dignity and intelligence and a leader among the colored people. He owned two houses and added to his income by taking lodgers. I entered on my duties at once in the office of an attorney for patents and soldiers' claims. His name was *Somes* and he had served one term in Congress from the State of Maine. In a half hour's talk he told me all he knew about the business, which was not much, and he thereafter left me to my own devices, with what assistance I could get from the friendly senior clerk, a young man from Pennsylvania, who, like myself, had received a printing office education. His name was *Homer J. Ramsdell*. In after years we were associated for a long time in the Washington correspondence work of the *New York Tribune*. We filed a great many claims in the Pension Office and the Second Auditor's Office, where back pay and bounty claims were settled, and made out a few applications for patents. The patent business fell mainly to my share and by dint of hard study of models and specifications in the Patent Office I managed to obtain patents for perhaps a dozen inventions, which probably did no sort of good to the inventors. I soon learned that not one patent in a hundred ever

brings in a dollar to its owner and I came to look upon the great gloomy, pillared halls of the Patent Office as a gigantic tomb of hopes and ambitions. My employer himself was a little daft on an invention he had made, and spent much of his time in patenting improvements to it or in talking to his friends about the wonderful things he was going to accomplish and the vast amount of money he was going to make. He had devised a method for cooling houses by drawing in currents of air through ice boxes and by expanding air previously condensed. He declaimed eloquently about the stupidity of devoting so much inventive talent to methods of warming interiors and giving none to the problem of cooling them in hot weather. His inventions never came into use and he spent upon them the snug little fortune he had made in running a factory down in Maine.

The lowest grade of clerkships in the Government departments paid a hundred dollars a month. I was getting only sixty and I began to cast about for means to procure a Government appointment. I had no political influence and the problem looked serious, but one day I was told that if I would pay a hundred dollars to a certain newspaper correspondent I could get a place. The correspondent had been particularly useful to a Missouri Congressman who wanted to make some return for the favors he had received in print by securing an appointment for any friend the correspondent might name. I hesitated until assured that there was nothing improper about the transaction. The correspondent was very poor, with dependent parents to support, and the Congressman would never know that any money had been paid for the appointment. The people of Missouri were at that time largely engaged in efforts to exterminate each other and very few of them had found time to go to Washington and seek office, so there were a number of clerkships fairly due that State under the quota system then prevailing in the departments. I drew on my savings bank account for the money and was furnished with a letter to the Congressman, a politician of great influence who represented one of the St. Louis districts. He gave me a letter to *Salmon P. Chase*, Secretary of the Treasury. I walked from his home down Pennsylvania Avenue and up the granite steps of the huge Treasury building, and after waiting an hour in an ante-room I was shown into the presence of the great man. He was one of the few men I saw in Washington who looked great. He had a commanding presence and his big, smooth-shaven face beamed with intelligence and amiability. He read my letter and said in a kindly tone that Missouri was entitled to more clerkships, that he had promised one to his friend, *Mr. B.*, and that I should have it. I was afraid that he would ask me if I lived in St. Louis, but he made no inquiry as to my personal history. To him I was only a young man recommended by *Mr. B.* I wondered that a man who had to raise hundreds of millions of dollars to carry on the great war then raging could find time to distribute clerkships and should remember that he had promised one to a certain Congressman. Afterwards I learned that more than half the time of our highest officials at Washington, including the President himself, is spent in the distribution of official patronage. Two days later I received a long envelope containing a printed form apprising me that I had been appointed to a first-class clerkship in the office of the Second Comptroller of the Treasury. This meant the lowest grade of clerkship, but it paid twelve hundred dollars a year and that was a large sum to me, and I paid over the hundred cheerfully to my newspaper acquaintance. Thus I became a Government clerk from the State of Missouri, a State in which I had never set foot.

There was a sort of civil service examination

for clerks even at that day and I appeared before a board of three officials. One of them asked me how I was educated. "Common schools and a year and a half at a small college," I replied. "What has been your business?" "Setting type and teaching school; I have served in the army and was discharged for wounds." "You'll pass," said the official. The other two men nodded and the examination was over. I was assigned to the division of navy paymasters' accounts, and was placed under the tutelage of an interesting old fossil from Alabama, who had survived half a dozen administrations. He wore a long cloak that dated back to Andrew Jackson's time and at a fixed hour twice a day he went out and crossed the avenue to a saloon where he took a drink of Kentucky whisky. I soon found that the object of our division was to prevent paymasters from settling their accounts by all sorts of petty annoyances and objections, bringing up comptrollers' decisions and forgotten statutes and winding the poor fellows up in such a tangle of red tape that they could never extricate themselves without heavy loss or a special act of Congress. I blundered away at this business for a month or two and was then transferred to the army paymasters' division and promoted to a second-class clerkship with salary of fourteen hundred a year. In this new position my duties were to harrass the army victims by the same methods employed against the navy paymasters. All these accounts had been through the auditor's office where the clerks had done their best to make "suspensions," and we were to find errors if possible which had escaped their notice.

I found the life of a Government clerk easy but dull and monotonous. We reported for duty at nine and were at our desks until four, with the exception of half an hour for eating luncheon, which most of the men brought from their boarding houses. A few men worked diligently but most of them shirked at least half the time, reading newspapers, writing letters and keeping novels concealed in their desks for surreptitious perusal while pretending to be deep in the examination of pay-rolls. We were quartered in the library of the department, from which we were privileged to draw books. I read with great pleasure *Motley's "Dutch Republic"* and "*United Netherlands*," and from a full set of *Voltaire's* works in French I selected his curious romance of "*Candide*" and the satirical poem of "*La Pucelle*," using a dictionary often at first, but finally being able to read readily with but rare need of its assistance. I determined to keep up a course of French reading, always having a French book on the table at my lodgings as well as some work in English. This habit I continued in after years until French literature became as familiar to me as that of my mother tongue. My favorite French novelist was *George Sand*, whose "*Indiana*," "*Lella*," "*Teverino*" and "*Mauprat*" I read that year.

The agonizing strain of the war excitement and responsibility did not relieve President Lincoln from the traditional social duties of the White House, and once a fortnight there was given a public reception, when the crowd surged through the parlors and shook hands with the sad-faced, care-worn chief magistrate. I joined these throngs and in turn grasped the large hand of Lincoln, encased in a glove that had once been white but was much soiled by contact with the hands of the ungloved multitude. I frequently saw Lincoln riding out on a powerful black horse from the White House to his summer residence at the Soldier's Home, escorted by a detachment of Vermont cavalry, and once I met him early in the morning walking in the park back of the White House, with his head bent forward and his eyes on the ground, absorbed in thought. By virtue of my Ohio birthright I went to the receptions of Secretary Chase and

there met his handsome daughter Kate, who was at that time in all the beauty of her girlhood and was famous for her wit and her social charm. Another house where I used to call was that of Speaker Colfax, who was very popular by reason of his easy, sociable ways and his apparent interest in everybody he met, no matter how unimportant the new acquaintance might be. He had a great memory for faces and names and a faculty for putting a stranger at his ease at once by turning the conversation to some topic concerning the particular part of the country from which the visitor came. He was a bachelor at that time, living with his mother in a little house on Four-and-a-Half Street, but he married soon after. In subsequent years I became well acquainted with him and felt a cordial liking for him. He would have reached the Presidency had it not been for the miserable Credit Mobilier exposure. I sat at the committee table when the evidence was given which ruined him politically and I put on the wires the testimony which blasted the reputation of one of the most upright and patriotic men who ever reached high station in this country.

I was now so far recovered from my old wound that I began to feel an ambition to go to the field again. The Government was enlisting negroes throughout all parts of the South conquered from the Rebellion, and a board of old regular army martinets sat in Washington to examine candidates for officers, commissions in the new colored regiments. I presented myself before this board and was asked a great many ridiculous questions having no reference to military matters. One was, "What is the latitude and longitude of the Island of the Mozambique?" and another was, "What is the distance from the earth to the sun?" I told the old duffers in epaulets that I could not answer these questions, but that I had been a first sergeant in an infantry regiment and thought I could command a company of colored soldiers. They thought otherwise and rejected me. I was disappointed and indignant at the time, but their refusal to commission me was no doubt a stroke of good luck, for had I passed the examination the chances are that my bones would now be crumbling in one of the pestilent swamps before Charleston or in some fever marsh on the Mississippi.

In the summer of 1864 the tide of war rolled up to the very doors of Washington. The rebel general Jubal Early made a dash at the city with an army of about 30,000 men, at a time when the fortifications had been stripped of all seasoned troops and were garrisoned only by a few regiments of hundred-day men enlisted solely for garrison duty with Grant before Petersburg. The Government had uniformed and armed the clerks in the departments a few weeks before to add to the strength of the little raw army of defense. We had a regiment composed entirely of Treasury clerks, and as I had seen service I was put in command of a company. Most of the clerks were young men who had no stomach for fighting and who had obtained their places through political influence because of their desire to keep out of garrison duty. All the fighting men of the old war, while others were old men of no account for campaigning. I drilled my men assiduously every day, but I have no doubt that half of them would have run away if I had been forced to bring them under fire. This contingency was happily avoided, for just in the nick of time to save the city the sun-burned, ragged veterans of the Sixth Corps landed by steamboat loads at the wharf on the Potomac and marched through the city with the swinging, elastic step only acquired by old soldiers. As I watched them pass on Seventh Street I thought I had never heard more cheery music in my life than was made by the rattle of their canteens and their blackened tin cups against their bayonet scabbards as they

tramped along. Many people shed tears of joy at the sight of these brave fellows. That very day Early assaulted the line of defense, expecting to meet only the raw recruits of the hundred-day service. As soon as his advance line encountered the steady fire of the Sixth Corps his men knew that they were a day too late. The battle lasted but a few minutes and Early made haste to withdraw across the Potomac and to rejoin Lee at Richmond.

By the time I had worked a year on the army pay rolls I became very weary of the monotony of the occupation. Most of my fellow clerks dreaded nothing so much as to lose their places and looked forward to nothing more eventful than a promotion. Eighteen hundred a year was the top of the ladder which they all aspired to reach, but there were comparatively few of these so-called fourth-class clerkships and the chances of a man's getting one after ten years' service were small. I did not feel dissatisfied with the pay, which seemed generous for the work performed, but the work was distasteful and opened no pleasant prospects for the future. An avenue of escape soon appeared. In February, 1865, my former employer, James Dumars, of Youngstown, came to Washington and urged me to buy his paper. He wanted to go to Memphis and start a daily and he would sell out cheap. The member of Congress from the district in which Youngstown was situated was Gen. James A. Garfield, and on him I called to ask for advice. I found a big, genial, blond-bearded man of thirty-four, frank and cordial in manner and with a very attractive personal magnetism. We talked for an hour and with that interview began a friendship that lasted until Garfield's death and that largely shaped my future career. We were intellectually sympathetic and I liked him thoroughly from the first. I resembled him so closely in face and form, that, in after years when I became closely associated with him in the House of Representatives as clerk to the Committee on Military Affairs, of which he was chairman, most people supposed I was his brother, while many mistook me for the general himself, although he was ten years my senior. I determined to buy the newspaper and made a bargain by which I paid for it eighteen hundred dollars. A few weeks later I was editor and publisher of the *Mahoning Register*, issued at Youngstown, Mahoning County, Ohio, and then one of the most prosperous country weeklies in the State.

E. V. S.

CANADA'S VAST NORTHWEST.—A correspondent writing to the *Brandon Sun* says: "No thoughtful person can travel this country without being profoundly impressed not only with its vastness, which in itself is positively bewildering but also with its immense possibilities. Edmonton is nearly 1,000 miles northwest of Winnipeg but not by any means at or near the outskirts of Canada's fertile lands. Hundreds of miles to the north lies the Peace River and McKenzie basin country, containing 1,200,000 square miles, 25 per cent. of which, according to the findings of a committee of the Dominion Senate, is well adapted to agricultural and ranching purposes, with a climate equal to that of Manitoba, and, in some localities, similar to that of western Ontario. A good sample of wheat was grown this year several hundreds of miles northwest of Edmonton. It was sown on the 15th of April and harvested on the 25th of August. Canadians have reason to be proud of their heritage. Let them prove worthy of it by ever demanding righteous and competent government; by cultivating a moral sentiment among the people, and everywhere teaching 'pure and undefiled religion.' Surely as citizens and Christians our opportunities are rare and many, our responsibilities are grave and will tax our principles, our regard and our resources to the very utmost."

#### KENDRICK, IN NORTHERN IDAHO.

Kendrick is on the right bank of the Potlatch, just below where Bear Creek enters the little river. Opposite the town the stream is said to have a fall of forty-two in 1,800 feet; sufficient power, if the water is made available later on, to run a dozen or more manufactories. The town-site runs back from the river, on a perfect level, for about 700 feet to the hill behind, and extends along the river front about the same width for more than a mile.

The town was started about four years ago by Thomas Kirby. He had been keeping a drug store at Juliaetta, four miles below, and was burned out. While cogitating whether he would rebuild or not, he says he received a tip from Herbert S. Huson, the engineer in charge of the road being built in, which resulted in Kirby and others buying the present townsite of Kendrick. He erected a store, and it remained the only habitation in what he called Latah City for many months. Then, as it became certain that the railroad would make it a station, others came in, and soon after the tracks reached here, less than two years ago, it grew like Jonah's gourd.

Previous to the entrance of the railroad there was very little wheat raised in this section, owing to the fact that it had to be hauled to Fir Bluff, on the Clearwater, or Lewiston, on the Snake River. Then after the long haul the farmers were compelled to accept the figures offered them. The men who had taken up claims bided their time, knowing that when the railroads did reach them prosperity would dawn, and continue.

Two years ago the shipments from this section only reached 30,000 bushels. Last year 255,000 were sent away, and the *Ledger* correspondent learned yesterday from Mr. Peters, who is here in the employ of the Northern Pacific Elevator Company of Minneapolis and Tacoma, that the yield next fall on account of the increased acreage will not be less than 500,000 bushels. He added: "Within three years I expect to see Kendrick shipping between 1,500,000 and 2,000,000 bushels of the different grains and a fair quantity of fruits of different kinds."

Thousands of young trees have arrived at the Kendrick station during the past few months, some from the east, some from Oregon and many from California, to start orchards for the farmers of this extraordinary fertile region.

As stated at the outset, the ridges, and not the valleys, are the most productive portions of the farms hereabout.

An examination of the map of the Potlatch will show that Kendrick is the hub at which centers Bear Creek ridge, Little Bear Creek ridge, American ridge, Cedar Creek ridge and Texas ridge. These spread out from Kendrick like a fan, of which it is the handle, and embraces an acreage of more than 1,100 square miles.—*Cor. Tacoma Ledger*.

#### NORTH DAKOTA IS ALL RIGHT.

The sale of Cass County school lands at the court house in Fargo furnished another illustration, of which there have been several of late, of the growing value of farming lands in this State, and especially of lands in the Red River Valley. There was a large crowd of bidders present, and they fairly climbed over each other in their eagerness to get hold of some of the fertile soil of the valley. Some 12,000 acres were sold for the gross sum of \$241,991.86, or an average of \$20.16 per acre. One quarter-section sold as high as \$41.30 per acre. Can any other new country show such a record? Is there any other region in the Northwest where unimproved farming land can be sold for \$41.30 per acre spot cash?—*Fargo Forum*.



## SPUNKS.

It was a bright April day. My laundress had disappointed me and as the season was rainy and fine days were rare, I was anxious to see my linen spread out under the sun.

I happened to bethink myself that a few blocks away there was one of those tent settlements made by the families of the street graders, ten thousand of whom had the year before been employed on the city grades.

They were all hardworking families whose members were ready to turn a hand to anything that could earn them an additional penny. For the "boom" was past, and as work was daily getting scarcer, many of them languished in the lowest stages of indigence.

The first woman I accosted declined to come. She had had the "ager" recently and "couldn't do a lick to save her life."

"You might know it wasn't mine," she answered smiling good naturedly.

And then I observed my hostess. She was a tall old woman with coarse, frowsy gray hair and a very brown, wrinkled face. But a pair of bright blue eyes full of good will and courage stoutly belied the suggestions of age that were conveyed by the other features.

"Your grandchild, perhaps," was my idle rejoinder. "No'm. It's a child I'm takin' care of fer a woman." Then I looked more attentively at the baby. I never had seen anything like it in my life. It was very thin, and its face darker than many a mulatto baby's I had seen. Its eyes large, wide open and coal black. Its hair was black, also, and very kinky. For the rest, its features were regular and its expression abnormally intelligent for a child of that age—three months or thereabouts. I shuddered when it fixed its gaze on me. It seemed so old and

"That is poor pay," I observed.

"And the worst of it is, it keeps me from working. I used to earn eight dollars a week before it came, but I can't earn half that now. The baby's so cross. If its mother doesn't come soon I'll have to turn it over to the city. I can't afford to keep it for nothing."

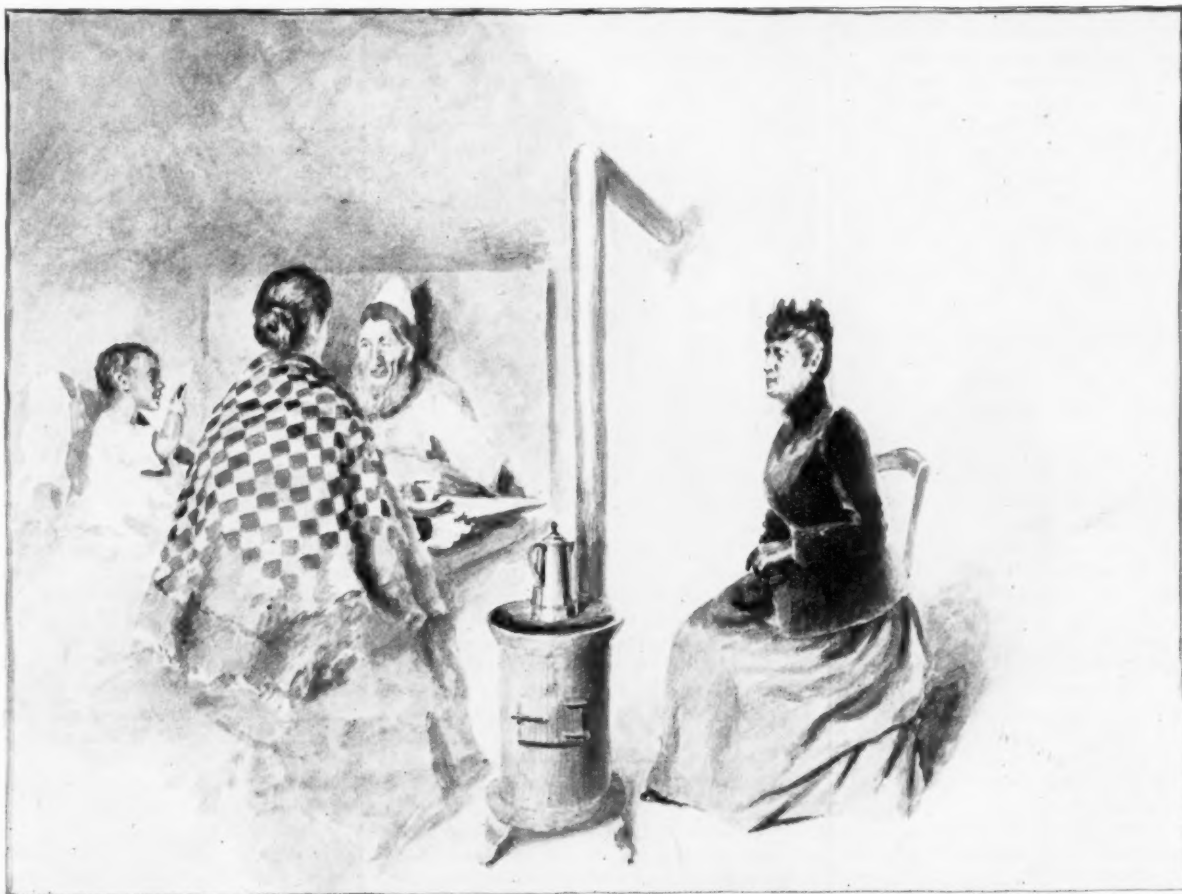
"Where is its mother now?" I asked.

"Well, I heard she had started out after him. I wouldn't be surprised if that was the last of her."

"Were they married?"

"Well, some say they was an' some say they wasn't. 'Course, I don't know. She wouldn't own up to it enny way, so I never asked her."

Then I understood. But just at this moment the baby showed itself in a new light. It threw itself back, stiffened its limbs and, giving forth a series of hoarse rattles, it exhibited the most extraordinary facial contortions I had ever seen



"SPUNKS," BOLSTERED UP ON A PILLOW, GRAVELY MUNCHED A PIECE OF FRIED BACON."

"Been to Hobbs?" she asked.

As I answered in the negative she pointed out the place, adding: "She's about the on'y one 'at could go."

On reaching the Hobbs' domicile, I thrust my head into the aperture of the tent and inquired if Mrs. Hobbs lived there.

"Yessum, come in," said a woman who sat on a high backed rocking chair before the kitchen stove. "Take a cheer," she continued, rising and pointing to the seat she had left.

But I declined, seeing there was none other visible. Persisting in her courtesy with that whole-souled hospitality of the very poor, she went and sat on the bed. Then I noticed that she held a little bundle in her arms and I thought I saw it move.

"Is that your baby?" I asked, now plainly perceiving a little hand on the old gray shawl that formed the outside of the bundle.

wierdly knowing. It might have been an Egyptian mummy or the boiled-down body of some old druidic priest.

"The child has negro blood in its veins," I remarked.

"Oh, no," answered Mrs. Hobbs promptly, "it's mother is a pretty girl and very fair, and they say its daddy is a good-looking man, too."

"It's such a queer creature," I murmured.

"Yessum," replied Mrs. Hobbs cheerily; "ever'budy says its the funniest little thing they most ever seen."

"It's a child you're paid to keep, then?" I queried.

"Well, I ought to be, but I ain't paid much;" and Mrs. Hobbs smiled again. "Its mother gave me five dollars when she brought it and said she'd send more in a month, but I've never seen a penny since and I have to give it medicine often. Doctor says its a little liver-growed. I find its food and clothes, too."

in a human being. Its right eyelid dropped so as almost to cover the eye, while the left one was opened to its widest extent, but in such a manner as to seem square instead of round. And the face was suffused with the purple flush of rage.

It was to me an ominous sight—that tiny thing in its unseemly wrath.

It made me think of an old man with deformed features whom I had once seen fly into a violent passion, and who, ugly at best, became tenfold more hideous under the influence of rage. Suddenly the fit abated and the little one took the bottle that the woman put to its lips.

"What was the matter with the baby?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing. Jes' mad 'cause the bottle wasn't right there the minit she wanted it. O, she's awful spunky."

Another surprise! The child had looked to me like an infant Tortillard as the illustrations show him in the "Mysteries of Paris;" like the mummy

of a wizard; like any conceivable male abortion, but at no time by look or act or feature had it recalled a female being; and behold! it was a girl.

"A girl?" I echoed my own thoughts. "Why, what's her name?" I could conceive of no feminine appellation that could properly be applied to it.

"Nelly," placidly answered Mrs. Hobbs.

"Nelly!" The daintiest name in the calendar or out of it and the most feminine, too; what irony!

"Yes, my husband gave it to her, an' ain't it funny, he's jes' the one that don't call her by it."

"What does he call her?" I asked, for I was curious to discover the drift of Mr. Hobbs' imagination.

"Oh, he gave her the nickname of Spunks. 'Cause she's so spunky, you know."

Well, that was more like it, I reflected. These stupid people! Their intuitions were always better than their conventions.

"Yessem," continued Mrs. Hobbs, "that's what he calls her. He thinks a heap of her. An' she knows his voice, too, the minit she hears it. Why, when he's here I don't have no trouble with her at all. He holds her all the time."

Then I made known my errand and Mrs. Hobbs promised to come as soon as her husband returned, for she expected him every minute.

Mrs. Hobbs did my laundrying all summer. When her husband was out with the team, she brought the baby with her, to the infinite delight of my own bairnies. They surrounded the little rickety buggy in which it was wheeled about, and danced around it with the same gleeful curiosity they evinced before the organ grinder's monkey.

With time much of the uncanny feeling, which the first sight of the child had awakened, wore off and I often took up the little thing to appease it while its foster-mother was busy at wash tub or ironing board.

One could not help feeling interest in the child, it was so bright and observing in its normal humor, but unfortunately its reverses of temper were as frequent and sudden as ever. At the first symptom of such a fit, however, I quickly surrendered it to its foster-mother.

"She's a good deal of trouble," Mrs. Hobbs would say at such times; "the first chance I git I'm goin' to give her away. We can't 'ford to keep her. Haulin' don't pay like it used to and we have to feed the team whether it runs or not. Feed so dear, too. Then she's mightily in my way. I could make twict as much if it wasn't fer her. I would a got shed of her long ago, only my husband can't bear to hear me talk of it. His jes' wrapped up in her!"

I approved of her view of the matter and after a while she asked: "Do you know of anybody that wants to adopt a child?"

I did know of one. My cousin, who was wealthy and childless had been talking for two or three years of adopting a little girl, but she would never hear to such a little monster as Spunks. So I answered that I did not just at that time. "If you hear of one, let me know, won't you?" she concluded, laying Spunks back in the buggy and returning to her work.

Two weeks later a little boy came to say that Mrs. Hobbs wanted to see me.

I had not seen her that week and the Saturday previous she had sent me word not to expect her as usual because her husband was ill with rheumatism.

I felt she was in trouble and hastened to her. Hobbs himself was laid up still, Mrs. Hobbs was coughing and wheezing with a fresh cold, while Spunks was acting like a wild-cat. There was no money in the house, nobody able to earn any and nothing to feed the team with. They would have to give it up if something wasn't done immediately. It was Mrs. Hobbs who had given me the details.

"And that aint the wust, We've got to give up Spunks. Soon's I git better I've got to go out an' earn something to git vittles with an' he's too sick to take keer of her." And Mrs. Hobbs brushed away the tears that were slowly rolling down her cheeks.

I turned to look at the sick man. His weather-beaten old face was contracted with grief even more than with physical pain. I noticed that from time to time he put out his hand and patted the little curly head of Spunks who lay on the bed beside him.

"We wanted you to tell us how to do about turning her over to the city," continued Mrs. Hobbs. I told them how to proceed as far as I knew, but I soon perceived that, absorbed by their affliction—the giving up of the child—they paid no heed to my instructions.

"Well, it's hard, of course," I observed, scarcely knowing what to say.

"But I never thought it would come to this," rejoined Hobbs in a husky voice. "We've had her so long." And he leaned over and laid his cheek against that of the infant. The next moment the old man put his hand up to his eyes.

Leaving them with the order to do nothing until they saw me again I went home. That same afternoon I consulted with a few well-to-do neighbors and the next day more cast-off baby clothes found their way to the tent than Spunks could wear out, if she were to prolong the period of her babyhood to four times its usual term. Provisions of all kinds poured in by hired express carts and especial messenger all the day long. The team was not forgotten, either, for a friend of mine had agreed to furnish coal and feed until my protegee was able to get about.

The next evening I dropped in to see how the family were getting on. I found them at supper, which was served on a biscuit board that lay athwart Hobbs' knees on the bed. Mrs. Hobbs sat at the edge of the bed eating with one hand and steadying the board with the other. The patient seemed to relish the meal, while Spunks, bolstered up on a pillow, gravely munched a piece of fried bacon—her favorite viand, I was told.

I went away glad that happiness reigned once more in the squalid tent.

I have since received a letter from my cousin, the banker's wife, in which she informs me that she has decided not to adopt any child—she thinks that on the whole it would be too much in her way.

ST. HELEN.

#### THE LAKE REGION NEAR TACOMA.

Browsing around in a rambling bovine kind of way, and coming all at once upon unsuspected delights and all sorts of mysterious, charming little dingles where nature is holding her own sweet sway, undisturbed as yet by the hurry and bustle of crowding, eager feet on her velvet mosses, or the clang and ring of the clearer's axe, ruthlessly assailing her giant sentinels and bringing them relentlessly to the earth, quivering and convulsed with the mighty fall. There are many such spots in the great Northwest, and many in the new State of Washington, but they are fast being found out, and the quiet denizens of their sequestered wilds are fleeing to the mountains, or vanishing before the merciless rifle of the pleasure-seeking sportsman.

Spanaway! What a breezy, native wildness in the very name! How it sets one dreaming off into the days of the noble red man, and bounding roe-buck, and stealthy mountain lion. There were two lakes, once upon a time, connected by a span, hence the graceful title, though now a grassy meadow marks the spot where smiled and dimpled the waters of the leaser.

Nestled here and there in the forest skirting the pretty sheet are the cabins of settlers, who,

from the mines of California, or the army posts of the frontier—from the far East and the sunny South, have drifted hither, and finding the region in harmony with their longings for rest and retirement, have taken possession of the broad, fertile acres, and for twenty, thirty, or more years, have lived the lives of hermits, with the notable exception that they have kept pace with the outside world, feeling the great pulse of civilization as it began reaching out from the centers of life and business, into the real places—the home places—the places of which every man and every woman says, "After we are ready to live and be happy and take comfort, this is where we will take it!"

There are countless legends and stories connected with this entire region, if the hoary foresters can be induced to speak. One tells with thrilling earnestness of a headlong ride to the nearest "block house" with a crowd of whooping red-skins gaining on him at every step. One woman who tended sheep on these very prairies, thirty years ago, will relate how her uncle and her father were tomahawked before her eyes, and another will curdle your blood with a story of the Bushalier tragedy, when, within an hour, three people were lying stiff and stark, two murdered and the escaping murderer thrown from his horse and instantly killed. There stands the very cabin, deserted and gloomy, in the edge of the woods, and an evil spirit seems to hover over the place.

That little gem of an island in the midst of the lake was the rendezvous of a gang of counterfeits, and the traces of their rude cabin may still be seen among the emerald mosses which have covered every stick with their rich mantle. Off to the left, Gravelly Lake lies, a great dew-drop on the bosom of the prairie, and one is tempted to avow that the sweet simplicity of this smooth, round basin is more captivating than the varied picturesqueness of its more pretentious rivals.

American Lake sees the annual encampment of the G. A. R. upon its shores, and the spot chosen is idyllic. Within an hour's ride from Tacoma, with a matchless view, perfect roads, and the numerous attractions of a beautiful body of fresh water, the Grand Army boys are in clover, and the forests give no hint of the gally mounted cavalry or the brightly uniformed infantry of those old days—not so very long ago, either, when their stillness was broken by the headlong rush for safety from avenging, murderous red men.

Farther on is Sequallitchew Lake, with its clear little creek of the same name, which makes the best of its time to lose itself in Puget Sound, only stopping to pay toll to the mammoth water-wheel which has for years supplied old Fort Nisqually with the most delicious beverage man can desire. Fort Nisqually is now the country home of Edward Huggins, Esq., and abounds in relics of an early day; it having been an important trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Here is still another lake, and of this one is told the story of a youth and maid who went out for a moonlight row upon its rippling bosom and when exactly in the middle of the lake were suddenly seized and drawn down, and were never seen more. No one, says the Indian, ever passed that spot without meeting the same fate, and so the lovely lake is viewed with a fearful eye by superstitious ones. There still lives in these forests a man who, years ago, told to each new comer the dream of his half-breed wife; that she had seen in a vision people—many people—on the shores of Spanaway; had heard the noise and commotion of a city, and the snort of the iron horse. The incredulous laughed and winked significantly, and touched their foreheads pityingly, but he persisted in relating his prophetic story, and to-day he sees the dream more than realized.

BERNICE E. NEWELL.



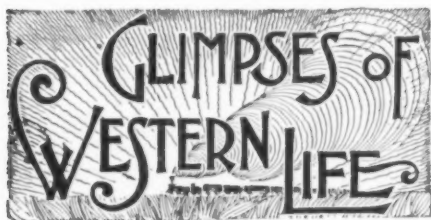


THE COURIER.

THE COURIER.—Indian wars are probably ended for all time; yet the last one, when the Sioux broke out after the Messiah craze in South Dakota, is not so far off now as to make a picture of one of the characters prominent in all campaigns against the savages lack in contemporary interest. The courier who warns distant cattle ranchers of their danger or takes orders to detachments in the field is usually a civilian and a veteran frontiersman; a bold and hardy rider, acquainted with every mile of the country where

operations are carried on and thoroughly familiar with Indian character; a man of repute for courage, coolness and judgment. He can make a hundred miles a day, if need be, on his tough bronco, and give him a fresh horse after an all day's ride and he will ride all night without food or rest. A spirited sketch of such a character is given on this page. In time of peace the courier may be a ranchman or a cowboy, but when danger threatens he displays the highest qualities of soldiery, bravery, endurance and fidelity.

WEeping TREES.—Travelers in Washington and British Columbia frequently tell of seeing trees dripping with moisture when neither rain nor dew were present. The strange sight is due to the remarkable condensing power of the leaves of some of the fir trees, which, when the humidity of the atmosphere closely approaches the dew point, collect the moisture from the air until the drops fall to the ground, giving the tree the appearance of weeping. The same phenomenon is met with in different species of trees in Guinea.



## THE THUNDERSTORM.

The thunder roars, incessant roll,  
Resounding, echoing on high;  
The lightnings flash with lurid glare  
In bold relief against the sky.

The muttered sighing of the wind  
Chords dismally with pouring rain.  
The wetted leaves from gorgeous trees  
Fall listlessly along the lane.

The cattle, backing to the storm,  
Are lowing softly 'mong the trees,  
And huddling to escape the chill  
Of fickle Nature's changeful breeze.

Loud horses' hoof-beats now are heard  
Affrighted, wildly, as they speed,  
In fearful wonder tearing on  
Like madmen, once from bondage freed.

A crashing, crackling, roaring sound  
Reverberating among the hills.  
A shining, blinding, lurid flash  
The air with sulphurous odor fills.

Next morn the flowers brighter smile,  
Next morn the breeze yet purer blows,  
And trembling rain drops, pearly white,  
Bedeck the bosom of the rose.

But far adown the winding hedge  
A giant oak tree, conquered, lies,  
Yet regal, though from sore defeat  
'Tis fallen, dead, no more to rise.

No more its head imposing rears  
And bids defiance to the blast.  
To every storm some must succumb,  
To gladden Present with the Past.

Medora, N. D., June, 1892.

J. W. FOLEY.

## Fortune Smiled Upon Him.

Frank Dollof, who lived here four years ago and couldn't get trusted for a sack of spuds, has found fortune. He walked out on a freight train one wet morning, fetched up in Idaho and tackled the abandoned Fisher mine near Wood River. He starved along till recently he sold the mine for \$12,000. After paying up every cent he owed for bacon, flour and powder, he bought the big Cal. White ranch on Little Salmon meadows, married one of Pony Smead's half-breed girls, and settled down for life.—*Puyallup Commerce*.

## Indian Nellie.

Tuesday the Indian woman Nellie left for Pendleton. She was richly, not to say gaudily, dressed in a "toot assemble" surmounted with an Easter bonnet that looked like a section of the morning robes of spring. Her red blanket neatly rolled and fastened with a shawl strap gave her a *distingue* appearance, and the equipoise of her bearing was only equalled by the *sang froid* with which she grasped the car rail and swung herself aboard, as the train pulled out, with the easy grace of a Pullman porter, and the blushing diffidence and careless indifference peculiar to the saddle-covered colored maiden of the Oregon woods.—*Hood River (Or.) Glacier*.

## How Sheep Follow Their Leader.

Mr. Barrows, a well-known citizen of Mandan, N. D., recites an incident of which he was an eye-witness within the past fortnight illustrative of the irresistible impulse of sheep to follow blindly a leader, even an accidental one. Mr. Barrows was riding in the vicinity of Heart River. He noticed a large flock of sheep, probably 1,500 or 2,000, grazing close to the edge of a

high precipitous bluff. One sheep approaching too near the edge accidentally toppled over and fell down the steep face of the bluff. After it came others rolling over each other to the bottom. At the foot of the bluff was a deep, narrow ravine holding about twelve feet of water. The sheep continued to roll down and fall into this ravine and falling upon each other soon formed a solid bridge of mutton, over which the rest of the flock passed unharmed onto the plain. Mr. Barrows rode after the sheep and headed them off. Between sixty and 100 dead sheep were taken out of the ravine.

## A Chinese Boarding House.

A better time cannot be found in which to study "John" Chinaman than when he is engaged in eating. There are no stricter observers of table etiquette among the races of the earth than the high caste Chinese; but among the Tartars or Coolies, who find their way to this country, the rule is directly reversed and it is safe to say that among the laborers, miners, servants, cannery hands, etc., that have swarmed into the United States, not a single pure blooded Chinese could be found. A few are here engaged as merchants or in the consular service; the balance are descendants of the hordes that swept down from Tortary a half century ago and conquered China.

With these Tartars, and especially where one hundred of them are fed together and at once, there are absolutely no rules to govern while at the table. It is every man for himself to secure the most of the nearest food.

As the whistle of the cannery sounds the dinner horn, there is a general shuffling of sandals along the floor and the Chinamen are hurrying to their boarding house.

On entering the door each seizes a China bowl and makes for the huge cauldron of rice. With one scoop of a ladle the bowl is filled with steaming rice and a rush is made to secure a seat at one of the many small round tables with which the room is filled.

On each of these tables has been placed, by the combined cook and waiter, bowls containing pork, fish and Chinese cabbage, a salt sauce, each article of food being dipped in the latter before being eaten.

About ten men can cluster around each table, some standing, some sitting and others squatting in the peculiar attitude only a Chinaman can assume.

Armed with chop sticks the contents of the different bowls are turned over and over, by the eaters, in an endeavor to find some piece more tender than the other. What one will discard another picks up until all have been satisfied and then rinsing out the dishes with tea, which is drunk after having performed duty as dishwasher, the "suk Yen," or Chinese pipe, is produced and passed from one to another.

A "lo fon qua," or "white devil" as a Caucasian is termed, is an abomination to a Chinaman during meal hours. It being a superstition among the Chinese that anything eaten in the presence of an uninvited white man will certainly disagree with them.—*Astorian*.

## Six O'clock in the Morning.

Six o'clock of an April morning on Puget Sound! Above, on the hill, there is a soft whirling of wings, and a few low, uncertain notes of liquid sweetness—as of one bird calling to its mate: "Sweetheart! Sweetheart! Come out into God's sunlight before the dew is gone!" Below, Bellingham Bay is lying, still asleep, yet half awaking, too, and opening her blue eyes lazily; and pushing aside, with languorous, voluptuous movements, her soft, piled-up coverings of silver mist that have lain caressingly all night on her wet lips, and on her tawny, seaweed hair,

and on her billowed breast. And as she awakes she draws her sweet length slowly away from the arms of the land that loves her so, dimpling into smiles and coquetting when he entreats her to stay. For she enjoys, and would go out to, the stronger, passionate pleasures of the ocean, leaving the grieving land behind—for when two love, one is always free and the other bound by the love of his deeper nature. But the constant land waits—for he knows that it is only the flesh of the sea that chafes to go, and that her soul is true to him and will bring her back always.

Six o'clock of an April morning on Puget Sound! It makes one forget all the failures and the wasted years—but not the delights, for they are rooted in heaven—to stand on this old bridge and look down into the clear eyes of Whatcom Creek. Two trees, long dead, are lying, half sunken, "stayed in the wandering warble" of its waters; and out of the one springeth strong, tall grasses and white-hearted flowers that purify the air and bear trust and pleasure with them, but out of the other springeth—only weeds. So we, all my brothers, shall one day lie, "stayed in the wandering warble" of life's current, and out of our spent lives will open the seeds of pure flowers or of fruit weeds—it is for us to say which. On the nether side of this slender blade of grass is a linked chain of dew drops—alas! they are like exquisite pleasures; the soul thrills in contemplation of them, but touch them—and they are gone! And now a shrieking of shrill-throated whistles, a ringing of horses' feet, the thin piping of a newsboy, and the swelling murmur of wheels have hushed the softer sounds, and proclaim that it is seven o'clock of an April morning on Puget Sound—and the world is going to work.—*Ella Higginson, in the Whatcom Express*.

## The Lonely Ranchers of Sumas.

A Sumas, Wash., correspondent of the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* writes: The recent romantic marriage of one of our well-known ranchers—an account of which was given in the *Post-Intelligencer* a few weeks since—awakened much interest and new life among the bachelor pioneers of this north Sound country. It inspired hope in the weary where long and anxious waiting had caused the heart to grow faint. A visit to these lonesome shacks where the "spud"-eaters dwell, demonstrates the popularity of the *Post-Intelligencer*, and particularly that number of the weekly wherein the good fortune of a brother rancher is recorded who advertised for a "queen" to come and care for his home, and got her, and the happy consummation of the negotiations which followed. The copy bears the evidence of thoughtful, if not prayerful perusal, and one instance is given where a rancher sleeps with the paper under his pillow in the hope that it may prove a mascot to him in being alike fortunate.

It is estimated that seven out of every ten of the sturdy pioneers who came West to take up a home and subdue these vast forests are single men, and in their loneliness their hearts go out, 365 days in the year, in tender sympathy and compassion for the fair maidens of the East who are altogether ignorant of the rare opportunities which the country offers.

Seriously considering this subject, few realize what these ranchers endure in their enforced bachelorhood. Many squatted on quarter-sections years before the survey, built their shacks, cleared a few acres and there for years have dwelt with no companionship save their dog and gun. If the reader would comprehend fully what that implies let him visit one of these shack dwellers when the shades of night settle down and the stillness like a pall hovers about him, and the throbbing of the heart almost produces an echo amid the great forests primeval. Occa-



sionally the days of this monotonous life are broken by a shot at a deer, a bear or a cougar, but they are but incidents in the tedious hours which he spends with himself alone. Within a year or more this isolation has somewhat changed with the occupancy of all available lands and neighborhoods have come. The ranchers now "touch elbows" and console each other over a "long-felt want." This is the beginning of a civilization which is to change these rich valleys from a dense jungle to happy homes and prosperous communities.

The present exigencies call for practical thought and action. What we want is reciprocity whereby the overburdened matrimonial possibilities of the Eastern States may be exchanged for the actual necessities of the West. The matrimonial failures which increase with the years lead to the inquiry as to whether practical business sense may not divide honors with fitful Cupid and heaven in making matches, and the newspaper advertisement be the means of bringing about relations between the Eastern maiden and the forlorn bachelor in the far West. It is shown that blind passion and sentiment make great mistakes. Would there be any more? Yea! Would there not be less work for divorce courts if marriage were the outgrowth of negotiations as practical as that of arranging a business enterprise?

The situation demands heroic treatment. These vast forests must be tamed and subdued by the magic wand of woman's power.

#### Cruel Ways to Get Skins.

There was a man landed in a plunger at the slip north of Evenson & Cook's yesterday who had what is getting to be a rarity in Astoria—an otter skin. He had caught it on Gray's Harbor, with several others; this was the only one he had left, and he was going to sell it either to J. P. Meany or M. Wise. It was an unusually fine one, and would bring probably \$6.

Talking of trapping for skins, he said that the fur-bearing animals in Southwestern Washington were about exterminated. There are still some river otter, marten and mink along the Quinault Reservation, and bears were still plenty about Gray's Harbor, but every year valuable skins were getting scarcer and harder to reach.

He had a wolf skin that would make a good gray rug, but said that it had come a long distance. It had been caught by Northern Indians on the edge of the Athabasca basin.

"Did you ever hear," said he, "how those Indians catch those wolves? It is simple but devilish. It gets cold up there, you know, and the nights are sharp. The Indian trappers don't have to waste any ammunition. They take a flat piece of flint a foot or so long, and chip it to keen sharpness at the edges. This they fasten to a wooden stake, which they drive into the ground firmly, so as to leave the blade of flint projecting above the surface. They then cover the blade all over with a good sized hunk of fat, which quickly freezes. Then the wolf-catching apparatus is complete, so that the person who sets the trap has only to come back in a day or two and gather in his prey without trouble.

"The wolf has a mastering appetite for blood, and it is of this weakness the hunter takes advantage. A little while after the trap is set, along comes the wolf. He is hungry, and he licks the hunk of frozen fat. Ah, it is good! So he licks it some more, and as it is thawed by the warmth of his tongue, it tastes better and better. Presently his tongue comes in contact with the sharp edge of the flint, and is cut. He tastes the blood, not knowing it is his own, and the flavor sets him wild. Eagerly he licks and licks the sharp cutting flint, lacerating his tongue and mouth, and becoming more frenzied in his desire for his own life fluid.

"Meanwhile other wolves have come up, and have begun to lick at the fat, cutting their own tongues, and becoming in their turn wild at the taste. So presently the bait is surrounded by a pack of ravenous and crazy creatures, which soon turn upon one another, and fall to devouring each other, until the merciless flint is the center of a struggling mass of ferocious combatants. None of those who take part live long after the fight is over, the survivors bleeding to death.

takes a long strip of whalebone, the same that is used in the ribs of the corsets that women wear, and doubles it up in the shape of a letter M, and fastens it compactly in that form with bindings of sinew. This he incloses neatly in a wad of fat, and leaves it on the ice to freeze. Pretty soon, along comes a big bear, sniffs at the delicate morsel, so happily thrown in his way, and bolts it without further consideration. The fat quickly melts in his warm stomach, and the



GERMAN-RUSSIAN WOMEN MAKING HAY NEAR HEBRON, NORTH DAKOTA.

At his leisure the Indian hunter comes along to skin the dead beasts for market. The pelts cost him nothing except the trouble of removing them, and the value of the hunk of fat. The stake with the flint blade is ready to be set again for fresh victims. That is the reason why a gray wolf skin, with fine fur on it, sells for \$4.50.

"But that is only one of their diabolical devices. Further toward the coast the native hunter

sinew bindings are consumed by the action of the digestive fluids; so that before long the strip of whalebone is released from its bent shape and springs out at full length across Mr. Bear's stomach, and he dies in a few hours with lockjaw in frightful agonies. Next day the noble red man comes along, and possesses himself of a big bear skin, large enough to cover a small room, and worth at first hand, several dollars and a gallon of bad whisky."—*Astorian*.

## OF INTEREST TO SETTLERS.

## PROFITABLE FARMING IN WASHINGTON.

It is very seldom that reliable statistics as to the cost and profit of wheat growing can be obtained, and therefore the following statement, furnished by Mr. Walter F. Burrell, of this city, of the receipts and disbursements and summary of operations of 800 acres of land, owned by him, near Garfield, in Whitman County, Washington, for 1891, will be of interest to all farmers in the Northwest:

The work was carried on under the direction of a salaried superintendent, and as the proprietors do not own any implements or teams, all work, including the use of teams, was paid for at ruling rates. In such cases as it was practicable, each kind of farm work was contracted at so much per acre. The land is not all in one body, but consists of two farms of 480 and 320 acres each, respectively. "This is the third annual crop of wheat which has been raised upon it," says Mr. Burrell, "and I believe is what may be fairly expected of any of the land in the eastern part of Whitman County. The land in the western part of the county is practically the same as that in the eastern part, but there is not so much rainfall on the former as on the latter, and where the rainfall is lacking the land has to be summer-fallowed, else it will not produce profitable wheat crops annually. The eastern half of Whitman County appears to be especially favored as regards rainfall, and is the only considerable area in Eastern Oregon or Washington which has sufficient rainfall to insure good crops annually."

Statement of receipts and disbursements for 1891 for 800 acres of land in Whitman County, Washington, situated near Garfield:

RECEIPTS.	
Red chaff wheat, 22,454 48-60 bushels at sixty-five cents.....	\$14,505 61
Grain hay.....	193 25
Total.....	\$14,788 86
DISBURSEMENTS.	
Plowing.....	\$1,250 45
Harrowing.....	331 25
Seed, 804 bushels red chaff wheat at seventy cents.....	562 80
Seeding and vitriolating.....	454 75
Rolling.....	303 65
Squirrel poisoning.....	106 58
Digging wells and repairs to same.....	72 30
Fire insurance on the crop in field and warehouse.....	50 00
Mowing and stacking grain hay.....	112 25
Hauling and stacking.....	105 00
Threshing.....	1,297 19
Sacks and twine.....	820 00
Hauling to the warehouse.....	303 90
Warehouse forwarding charges.....	330 00
Superintendence.....	575 00
Taxes and general expense.....	300 00
Buildings.....	101 18
Fencing.....	45 00
Balance, net cash profit, \$8.13 per acre.....	\$6,508 56
SUMMARY OF OPERATIONS—EXHIBIT A.	
Actual net cash profit per acre.....	\$ 8 13
Deduct interest at ten per cent on \$20 per acre, the value of the land January 1, 1891.....	2 00
Estimated net cash profit.....	\$ 6 13
EXHIBIT B.	
Estimated net profit per acre as per exhibit A.....	\$ 6 13
Increase in the value of the land per acre during the year.....	5 00
Estimated net cash profit.....	\$11 13
EXHIBIT C.	
Ratio of the actual net cash profit per acre to the inventory value, January 1, 1891, per cent.....	40.6
EXHIBIT D.	
Ratio of estimated net cash profit per acre, as per exhibit A, to the inventory value, January 1, 1891, per cent.....	30.6
EXHIBIT E.	
Ratio of the estimated net profit per acre, as per exhibit B, to the inventory value, January 1, 1891, per cent.....	55.6
EXHIBIT F.	
Gross acreage.....	800

Deduct for grain, hay, roads, waste land, etc.....	47
Acreage in wheat cultivation.....	753
EXHIBIT G.	
Yield of wheat per acre, as per acreage shown by exhibit F, bushels.....	29.8
EXHIBIT H.	
Acreage in wheat cultivation.....	753
Acreage in grain hay cultivation.....	30
Total acreage in cultivation.....	783
EXHIBIT I.	
Cost per acre of farming total acreage in cultivation as per exhibit H.....	\$10 56
—Portland Oregonian.	

## A WALLA WALLA FRUIT FARM.

With the warm days of early spring and their continued sunshine appear as if by magic the visible proofs of Washington's wonderful prospective fruit crop. In Southern Washington indications point to a most plentiful supply the coming season, a feast alike to the bon-vivant and moderate liver. During a visit to Walla Walla, the garden spot of Southern Washington, the writer has enjoyed a drive through Dr. N. G. Blalock's extensive fruit farm, one of the largest and most prosperous in the State. Here I have seen in all the glory of spring garb, apple, cherry, peach, Italian and silver prune trees, giving promise of unusual prosperity. Strawberries, raspberries—the latter in red and black varieties, under the thrifty hand of "John Chinaman, gardener," make one anxious for the moment of perfection when these luxuries may be gathered in for man's delight.

Dr. Blalock has been most particularly famed in the success attendant upon his fruit raising, and twenty thousand trees of all varieties have lately been planted on his new farm at Blalock, on the Columbia River, and an almost marvelous thing it is for the average Easterner to believe that these mere slips will in another year be fruit-bearing trees. The tiny insect invader seems to receive flattering attention, and his power to feed on what belongs to the human family is rapidly disappearing under the insinuating spray prepared for his early destruction.

With the naturally fruitful soil of Washington, particularly through the southern portion, fruit would be necessarily abundant, but even here I saw evidence of the success of irrigation in many instances, and particularly along the doctor's farm, where one might almost doubt the necessity of a Jupiter Pluvius, so active have been man's efforts toward supplying nature's deficiencies. Apropos of this subject it is well to call to mind that President Oakes, of the Northern Pacific, was directly responsible for the success of irrigation throughout this part of the country, now carried on to such an extent that millions are represented in such enterprises.

Many fine specimens of fruit and vegetables are already in store for the Washington World's Fair exhibit. Here, in all the importance of his two pounds, occupying an entire glass jar, reposes an apple of the Gloria Mundi variety, while in a near neighborhood and peaceful relationship rests a potato of seven pounds. Peaches eleven inches in circumference are shown, with plums and grapes sufficiently luscious and perfect in appearance to make one forget they are only for show.

I know of no more charming trip, more beneficial or more conducive to exclamations of surprise and delight, than a visit to Washington during the glory of its fruit season. As Dr. N. G. Blalock remarks, "We need tell nothing but the actual truth about Washington's resources, for this to many is beyond belief." A company has been organized by several prominent Walla Wallains for the purchase of some 6,000 acres, to be devoted entirely to fruit raising, and the possibilities of such a scheme would baffle the most imaginative.

While some very interesting specimens are

already selected for the World's Fair, a year of grace is left for preparation, during which time many surprises will be gathered in for Eastern friends who may be unbelievers, until they see the actual proof that Washington is one of the most blessed portions of our great and wonderful country.

A. B. M.

Walla Walla, Wash.

## ON THE CROW RESERVE.

After twenty odd years of life in the Rocky Mountain region, I think I can venture the assertion without the fear of contradiction, that the Crow Indian reservation in Montana, is one of the very finest sections of country within the arid region. I have been delightfully surprised to find such a country.

The entire reservation embraces an area of nearly three and one-half millions of acres and could it be settled with white people, and its agricultural and grazing resources fully utilized, it would support a population of fully 100,000 people. I believe the valleys of the Big Horn River and the Little Horn River would support a population of 50,000 people easily. There are altogether about 2,300 Crow Indians now living and the number is constantly diminishing. They do not seem to thrive under the care and patronage of Uncle Sam. Like the buffalo, they are passing away, and within a few years when the tribe shall have been reduced to a small number, with this magnificent patrimonial estate, they will undoubtedly be one of the wealthiest classes of people in the world. While, as a tribe, they are like most Indians, comparatively shiftless and trifling, yet, there are striking examples among them, quite to the contrary. Considering everything, I have been surprised at the industry displayed by some of them, mostly among the younger members of the tribe. They supplied the contract for hay at the Government post, Fort Custer, this year, furnishing about 2,000 tons, for which they received in the neighborhood of \$20,000. Most of them have been allotted lands and the Government has furnished and built for them, or most of them, small log houses, but, as a rule, they do not live in them, preferring to live in their "tepees," grouped together at different points on the reservation, according to their family or tribal divisions. We have found them very peaceable and kindly disposed, and very honest. I have yet to know of a thievery of any sort since I have been among them. Some of them have raised small fields of grain and vegetables. They hunt very little; firearms we have rarely seen.

They are a fairly good looking class of people, with open and pleasant countenance and usually well built and strong, but consumption seems to take a ready hold on them, and various forms of scrofulitic diseases prevail among them. But on the whole the Crow Indian is a pretty good Indian, and he certainly has a fine country.

I am trying to lay out a system of irrigation for them that will give each Indian in the tribe a farm of 100 acres "under ditch," in other words an irrigated farm of 100 acres. This, I think, I can do within the two valleys above referred to, leaving the larger portion of the reservation untouched, to be disposed of or reserved for lease, and nearly every acre of which is good grazing land.

There is an abundant supply of water and the land is of fine quality. The problem is an interesting one and I shall be very much gratified if I can succeed in presenting the matter satisfactorily before the authorities of Washington.

I have been very much surprised to find the people of Montana so backward in appreciating the almost unlimited resources of their State. With her large rivers and great area of fine farming lands, the magnificent extent of her





ORCHARD SCENE IN EASTERN WASHINGTON.

grazing lands and her rich mines and coal fields, she should be, and will be in time, one of the wealthiest and most populous States of the irrigation empire. While I have seen only a portion of the State, I am convinced that in point of resources Montana is ahead of Colorado, and I am quite ready to dispose of my Colorado farm for one here.

The irrigation development of the State has scarcely commenced and I apprehend that no better opportunities can be offered anywhere in the West for settlers or capitalists than Montana affords. Her people cannot long be indifferent to proclaiming her possibilities and attractions.—*Walter H. Graves in Salt Lake City Irrigation Age.*

#### A MODEL FARM.

Five miles south of Spokane is a big farm belonging to Hon. J. J. Browne, the well-known banker and newspaper proprietor, which is well worth visiting by all lovers of rural life, as an example of the capabilities of Eastern Washington soil in the production of grains and fruits, and also as an exhibit of what can be done with enterprise and judgment in this new State in the raising of horses, cattle, hogs and poultry. Mr. Browne grew up in a good farming country in Northern Indiana and he has retained a country boy's love of the soil and its products and of domestic animals. His farm would be called an estate in Europe, for it consists of eighteen hundred acres of land, all put to some useful purpose. Last year he raised 7,000 bushels of grain—wheat, oats and barley, and this year he expects to thresh fully ten thousand bushels. He has 100 head of cattle, including some full-blood and grade Holsteins and fifty head of horses of Clydesdale and Hambletonian stock. Pigs, turkeys, chickens, ducks, guinea-fowl and pea-

cocks fill out the live stock list and make the place cheerful. There are thirty or forty springs of pure water on the farm, and from one of these situated on a hill ninety feet above the farm house and a hundred above the barn, water is brought to every point where it is most convenient for household, dairy and stable uses. Excellent butter is made in the dairy and the orchards and gardens produce a great abundance of apples, pears, plums, cherries, raspberries and strawberries. Fruit culture is a marked success here, the climate being favorable and insect pests not having as yet found their way to the country with the tide of immigration.

From a high hill, at the foot of which stands the farm house, a superb prospect may be enjoyed at the expense of a sharp climb of ten minutes, the view reaching southward over the billowy expanse of the fertile Palouse Country, northward across the Spokane plain, and eastward to the mountains that enclose the narrow valleys of the Cœur d'Alene silver region.

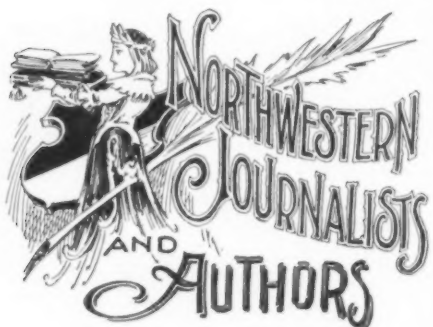
#### WHAT NORTH DAKOTA LAND WILL DO.

What will a quarter-section of land in North Dakota raise even in the most disastrous year and under the most untoward circumstances? Why, it will raise beef, pork, poultry, eggs, milk, butter, potatoes, cabbage, turnips, onions and a hundred and one other things—all aside from wheat, oats and barley, which it is presumed may have been all or nearly destroyed. One hundred and sixty acres will raise of these products a quantity sufficient to support a dozen families. It never happens that the wheat crop is so totally destroyed but there is enough left for flour, but even if it should happen, a few dozen of eggs, a few bushels of potatoes, or a little of the other products of the farm would

buy a sack of flour. It is difficult to comprehend a condition when enough surplus would not exist to buy \$25 worth of warm clothing and even enough to purchase coffee, tea, sugar, etc. In short, every forty acres of average North Dakota soil will raise the necessities of life for the largest family without resort to a single bushel of wheat, and without hired help; it is only necessary that the head of the family should plant and reap during the season. It does not require even on his part laborious or skillful effort. If there are those who will not do this, notwithstanding that the land is a gift from the Government to them, it cannot be the fault of the State, its climate, its soil, or its productiveness. The fault is exclusively personal.—*Bottineau Pioneer.*

#### A LAKE STATE.

Minnesota is a State not only of broad grain fields and dense pine and hard wood forests, of rich iron mines and inexhaustible granite quarries, but it is famed far and wide as the State of Lakes. From the northern to the southern and from the eastern to the western boundary, its face is dimpled with these beautiful sheets of water, varying in size from the little gems almost hidden from view by their leafy surroundings, to those like Mille Lacs, Leech Lake, Red Lake, whose wide sweep carries the thither shore beyond the line of the horizon; or like Minnetonka, whose waters during the summer season are plowed by great steamers carrying loads of happy excursionists or visitors flying from the heat of the cities. Many of them have become popular summer resorts, and the number will increase as their attractions become better known and the facilities for the accommodation of visitors are increased.—*St. Cloud Journal Press.*



R. W. Mitchell, (Rabelais).

R. W. Mitchell is one of those well-equipped writers whose reputation has suffered by two mistakes: first, that he ever adopted a *nom de plume*; and, second, that he has changed it several times. In the face of these two mistakes he is one of the best-known writers and humorists on the Pacific Coast to-day.

As Washington correspondent of the *Danbury News*, when in the zenith of its popularity, he attracted marked attention by the peculiar energy of his humor, over the name of "Creighton." It was not long before his services were in demand. His letters to the Burlington *Hawkeye* were characterized by a terse, epigrammatic presentation of facts and adroitly-mingled humor. During its existence, he edited the brevities of the *Washington Nation*, then under the management of J. Brisbane Walker, and won a high position for the infinite variety of his themes and attractive treatment. He then drifted West. His descriptive letters to the *Walla Walla Union*, over the name of "Hawley Thorne," drew instant attention, and were widely copied. They were interspersed with quaint humor, often reaching the highest demands of the readable. The officials of the Northern Pacific Railroad, recognizing his abilities, appointed him chief clerk of the land department. In this position, the stamp of his originality and resources became readily discernible in the various publications of that great corporation, and largely assisted in turning to the Pacific Northwest the tremendous tide of immigration and flood of capital which have brought Oregon, Washington, and Idaho so rapidly to the front. He also exhibited an executive talent in managing the details of the land department of the Northern Pacific. He was thoroughly practical in transacting business. He remained with the railroad company from 1882 to 1887, when his services were sought by the great banking house of Lazard Freres, Paris, to take charge of the large land interests of that concern, located in the Pacific Northwest. Until recently, over the name of "Rabelais," his weekly contributions to the *Portland Oregonian* brought him renewed recognition as a humorist who can cloth facts in a way that delights the reader.

Mr. Mitchell holds so many offices that he has been called the *Poo Bah* of the Pacific Northwest. He is land agent of the Willamette Valley and Cascade Military Mountain Wagon-road Company, Adjutant-General of Oregon, with the rank of colonel, and manager of the Portland Industrial Exposition. In addition, he frequently finds time to write, to appear as attorney in land cases, to act as commissioner for Washington, and occasionally manages a lecturer, or reader. He holds friendly and intimate relations with Bill Nye, Eugene Field, Bob Burdett, Will Visscher and other noted writers in his class. As a story teller and after dinner speaker "Col. Bob," as he is now best known, is in great demand, but his numerous duties and the fact that he is very domestic in his tastes, prevent him from accepting one-fifth of the invitations sent him.

The few extracts from Mr. Mitchell's writings for which we have space here, give but an inadequate idea of his versatility and originality. In a three column article showing "How Railroads are Run," he gives the following on the passenger department:

The general passenger agent does the business for the traveling public, always making the public believe that he is doing as much for them as he is for his company, making them think his road is the cheapest, quickest, most comfortable and best, with which none can compare. He does this by advertising in the press, printing posters for those who believe the press has degenerated, and others too mean to subscribe for or buy a paper. This also includes people whose education has been so badly neglected that they can only read block letters in five different colors, and who believe a straight line across a map showing a waving scope of country is a railroad. The general passenger agent must be a man of the world. He must know all about every place that a man ever trod or a woman forgot something. He comes in contact with all classes of people, and must distinguish at once between an Arkansas traveler dressed up and a Boston divine in a duster. He must know a globe trotter at a glance, and treat a drummer well and often. Song and dance teams must be allowed to say



R. W. MITCHELL, (RABELAIS.)

"Hello, Cholly! How's tricks!" with impunity and a beery breath. He must mix himself up with comic opera companies and show some genius in not confounding the prima donnas in their personal clothes with the rank chorus. He must lie to the theatrical agents about the drawing powers of the different water stations along the road, or have a man who can do it for him. He must assert the healthfulness of a certain region along his line although he knows the company can't get cars enough to haul all the coffins ordered. He must see that his road gets a fair shake at the hands of connecting lines, and not shoo. He must get up early and a ticket that can't be scalped about the same time. If it does get scalped he must get to the scalper. To create a pleasant impression on travelers he must wear a photograph of the road on his countenance all the time except when an accident occurs. Then there must be a blank expression on his face somewhere near the accident, so that no one can get at the facts as they occurred. If he can't do this he must hire a "sub" who can, while he goes in a back room marked "private" and tells ghost stories.

Mr. Mitchell asserts that he never wrote but one group of verse. Its succinctness will strike the reader:

## A GAME OF MARBLES.

First, three boys easily found,  
Next, three holes in the ground—  
Three marbles, smooth and round.

"H'eh now, fenn dubs! No hunchin'!  
"Nuckle down, yuh now! Fenn span!  
Yuh won't hit tit! Thet's scrunchin'!  
Never! Yeh didn't tech it, Dan—"  
"Yes, I did, too! Saw it jest roll—"  
"What! Huh!" "Well, leave it tuh Jim;  
He's on'y got his fuss hole—  
Makes no differns tuh him!"  
"There, smarty! What tid I say?"  
"Nuthin'!" "It hit all the same,  
Yuh eud see thet enny day,  
If yuh'd play a fair game."  
"Jim, it's yer go! Make yer third!  
I'm safe! Yer near up tuh Dan;  
Thet's it! Bully! Jess like a bird—  
Here, hol' up! Thet's me! Thet san'  
Was right there before yuh shot;  
Fenn clearins! Well, I guess yes!  
Don't care how much yuh guess not!"

Thus the game is played:  
Thus the slides arrayed,  
Thus our men are made—  
Thus the game is played.

After showing that it is criminal to board he gives advice on housekeeping:

The first thing to do in keeping house, is to forget what it will cost. It is a bad plan at the outset to borrow trouble or flat irons. If you have a wife that is just as much at home in the kitchen as in the parlor, when not swapping cards, you ought to be happy and stay at home yourself—evenings. If your wife has been vaccinated and doesn't want to parboil herself in the kitchen, get a good girl without attachments, to cook and talk back. If she is so homely that you can't kiss her, all the better for peace. If you can't get a girl that has no beaux, and goes out six nights in the week and Sunday afternoon get Ah Hah. In either case you want to lay in a good stock of provisions and cordwood. The cellar should be four times as big as the cottage to hold the wood. You also must get a library of cook books, variously entitled, "The Webfoot," "Just Howe," "Salads for the Solitary," "The Cottage Kitchen," "The Dinner Year Book," "Interior Decorator," "The Buckeye," "Life on the Inside" and other compendiums of digestion and housewifery.

For the young wife, these volumes should be 16 mo. in size, so as to be easily hidden in the folds of her dress when she is telling the cook how much of anything to inject. This procedure should be punctuated with vague references by your wife as to how her mother used to do it, although her mother may have died before she was born. In that case the grandmother had better be substituted. The cottage should be furnished with everything from a corkscrew to a coal hod, including a pie axe and a yard of court plaster. You should also have a supply of good humor. Housekeeping without good humor has no more go in it than the High School clock. Outside of paying the bills, keeping his mouth shut,—when not telling his wife everything he has seen and heard down town and more too,—being decent and full of voluble encouragement, a well regulated man has nothing to do at home except to sit around and mind his wife. The home is her domain. There she is happy or miserable, as the case may be. "God Bless Our Home" swung between the parlor and sitting room, "Welcome" or "Please Wipe Your Feet," worked in the door mat, and "Feed My Lambs" in the dining room, will not make the heart clap its wings and crow, if the cooking and head of the family aren't decent. Don't be niggardly with your wife. Treat her white. If she wants five dollars to buy a calve's tender heart and a pair of livers, give her the money. If she wants a pan of hot muffins for breakfast and asks you to send



up two barrels of flour and half ton of yeast powder, have them sent right up. About one per cent will go into the muffins and the balance will swell the surplus, or imbibe in experience, and experience comes high.

Just stay home one day on a sick excuse and the sofa. Watch your wife while she superintends a pudding for you. Four hours before dinner she will announce to the kitchen menial: "Cook, we'll have a Toad-in-a-hole pudding to-day! I'll come in and tell you how in a few minutes." You don't see the expression on the cook's face, but there's one there all the same.

Your wife comes back and says:

"I've forgotten whether the toads are to be peeled first or not." Then she takes up the cook book and tries for a half hour to commit the recipe entire to memory. Then she goes into the kitchen, leaving the cook book within easy reach, and you hear murmured directions. You hear the cook ask some question; then there is a pause, broken by your wife tearing in, snatching up the book, reading the recipe and rushing back to the kitchen. Before the door closes she will ask the cook:

"What was it? What didn't you understand?"

Then follow more murmurs, but you know your wife has a great head, and if she doesn't know a thing she knows where to find it. In about four minutes she hurries back, grasps the book with both hands, and says to herself,—forgetting all about your presence in the effort to keep her eyes on the kitchen door—

"Such stupidity! I told her she couldn't beat hard boiled eggs." Then she raises her left hand, spreads her fingers and tapping the thumb says:

"Milk, two cups! milk, two, cups!" then the second finger and says:

"Flour, two cups! flour, two cups!" She then addresses the third finger and murmurs:

"Two eggs, beaten very light! Two eggs, beaten very light!" She lays the book down, goes back into the kitchen with much dignity and a taxed brain, and you snort in a mean and smothered manner. If you have any manhood about you, you will sneak out and walk around the block, so that she won't know you spied upon her innocent and artless methods. When dinner is ready set down, save yourself for the pudding and you'll think more of your wife than you ever did before. I've tried it and enjoyed it.

Of his friend Bill Nye he writes:

I am a friend of Bill Nye's and he's a friend of mine. Three years ago, when he was here, we occupied the same room for over an hour. We supped or sipped together, I forgot which. He paid for the room, I presume. He gave me of his confidence and his store. I have his confidence yet, but, jointly, we exhausted the store. It was a small store, which he carried in his grip, ever and anon letting a friend carry a portion of it. It might be called a load for one man, but, divided between two, we hardly felt it.

Mr. Nye is a man of about forty years of age. At one time he was seven years old, but experience and the flight of time soon ages the best of us. He has Colorado-Madura hands and feet, but his expression is gentle and rather Clara. His head is as large and smooth as a Spokane Falls real estate transaction. He wears his eyes behind a pair of glasses. When in Paris he tried one glass, but the vintage was so excellent that he went back to two. I myself am a prohibitionist to that extent. He has a wide mouth and a jetty of pearly teeth. His eyes are about the color of a brown jug. His clothes are those of a dude—about half a size larger than Nye himself. He looks like the junior member of a school board with knots in it. He wears his hair as long as he can under the circumstances, and just abaft of each ear. At one time he wore a mustache and goatee, but the floor managers

knew him the moment he entered the ballroom. Nye used to have a digestion that could brave a civil service examination, but the one he has now would turn pale at the sight of a plugged quarter.

Like a great many other people, Nye was born in Maine, where his parents then resided. He was brought up on a small bottle and a large farm. He was weaned at an early age so that he could be trusted to bring the cows in. During his life time he has had two parents of opposite sex and four brothers who agreed in that respect, but seldom anywhere else. Bill is the eldest of the family with the exception of his parents. His life has not always been sunshine. Twice he had an attack of rheumatism and once an acute attack of cyclone. When a boy he sometimes lingered too long over his dark deeds, and thus allowed retribution to overtake him and injure him in sundry places.

At first he wrote upon a high desk, but now writes upon his knee and almost anything that will bear his weight. He tried both knees, but found the position rather cramped; besides he saw that he encountered difficulties in rising in a hurry or an emergency. Many of his best articles were written in the cars while going at a tremendous rate of speed. When forced to do this he utilizes way stations and water tanks to put in the punctuation marks. By close observation I can always tell whether an article of his was written in Connecticut where the stations are 200 feet asunder, or upon the boundless prairies of the West, with great difference between towns. In the former case the sentences are short; while in the latter the extreme penalty allowed by law seems to have done the editing.

Bill Nye has no fear of writing himself out. He believes the ever-changing phases of politics, of administration, of moons, of human impulse and action are too numerous for one man to do them justice; but he proposes to do his share as long as he lives. Like others he drifted into writing fun. The first few years in Laramie he wrote stuff solid enough to break down the "hook." It had pathos in an oozy way—an inward woe, such as asserts itself upon a small salary and poor pay. One day he found himself laughing over something he had written. Others echoed back the laugh, and that settled his career. His first article to attract wide attention was his letter resigning the office of United States commissioner. I held the same office myself for five years, and knew how difficult it was to feel resigned. It was as easy to hold as a stuffed horse. Outside of the seal there was not enough in it to pay attention, to say nothing of expenses. When the Department of Justice received Nye's letter it was laid on the table. He couldn't get the department to accept the responsibility or the resignation. He moved away from where he was, and they picked out a little, half-pint man to fill his place. The man tried it a couple of years, but didn't have sense enough to fill it, because he was four sizes too small. Finally they found a mugwump, who had applied for the position of minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to England, and they appointed him. As small as the office was, he felt so little when he received the appointment that he could get into it with his overcoat on, even when he wore his ears pompadour.

#### LOVELY MISSOULA.

A day in Missoula, Montana, affects one to dissatisfaction. A stranger feels an inordinate curiosity when day has passed to know more of this city of perspectives, with its vast vistas, with its bewildering aspect of the rural and the metropolitan, with its magnificent roads symmetrically stretching their tips to touch the

beautiful undulating hills beyond. Missoula with its merchants and mechanics, its railroaders and ranchers, shoulder to shoulder on the highways of commerce; fires the visitor with an absorbing curiosity to linger longer within her hospitable limits, to be finally convinced that the sobriquet of "Garden City" is no high-sounding adulation, that Missoula's future greatness is an incontestable verity.

Perhaps it is principally the varied mingling of commercial elements that impresses mostly a visitor to Missoula. In that respect the city presents unique features distinguishable from others of her age. One need only observe, to be convinced of it, the interesting variety of characters portrayed by her people any day through the busy marts of the city's streets; lawyers untangling legal intricacies; physicians arguing medical ethics; sportsmen talking horse flesh or the latest scrap; insurance agents establishing premiums; ranchers regulating their sales of live stock; bankers, their rates of interest; miners in mackinaws expatiating on the assays of their ores. The scene is effected by the picturesque Indian swathed in variegated blankets and jostling the hated Mongolian; the eternal bum is of course conspicuous, and the Arab shoe black revelling in cigarette fumes. Such a sight of vivacity, commercial and social, the city presents any day within the compass of four streets. A further acquaintance and one is forced to find the magnet that attracts toward itself so novel a combination of personalities. Architectural grandeur is no inducement to loiter here for there is not any.

Missoula has never impoverished herself by embellishments. Is it the pretty women? (Missoulians are the most appreciative of people in that respect). More than anything else Missoula's vast emporium of merchandise explains the daily presence in the city of so diverse and interesting a gathering of people from every field of labor. Here flock the farmers from the farthest limits of the famous Bitter Root for agricultural needs; the loggers from distant camps; the miners from the mountains. Here come mechanics for machinery, and merchants for merchandise; in fact, the number of industries fed from out Missoula's mammoth emporium of necessities may be reckoned by the hundred, embracing all the wants and wishes of humanity from cradle to coffin. It is a huge heart, beating life through arteries of commerce extending beyond the bounds of Montana, even to her sister States.

There's a valley here—a wondrous valley, one of the brightest memories of Missoula. Its repute long precedes the sight of it. Missoula is fanned by aromas wafted from its honeyed plains. Viewing the valley from an eminence and fancy paints it a bright, enchanted garden—a mellow-hued panorama of surprises delighting the eye and sweetening the life of a responsive beholder. If anything, the contiguity of the Bitter Root Valley would assure Missoula's future. Look across its wide range of slopes and vast stretches of waving meadows watered by tinkling streams. One sees under summer's sun a soil of surpassing richness yielding products to perfection; fields of golden grain; herds of roaming cattle; orchards of vast areas; an almost semi-tropical luxuriance of abundance everywhere. Missoula is queen over this idyllic valley, gathering into her lap the bountiful harvests that speed the wheels of trade within her sphere from year's end to year's end. Who cannot help being impressed by even a brief visit to this strangely interesting city—the Mecca of Montana with its luscious valley! Missoula's possibilities—what in time she will attain to dawns upon the mind glancing at the length and breadth of the immense plateau which she is destined to cover.

T. F. QUIRK.

Missoula, April 15, 1892.



### A SCHOOL TEACHER'S BREAK.

She stood on the ridge of the school site,  
Just after twelve by the clock,  
And she looked, with the scholars around her,  
Like a shepherd watching his flock.

She was in such deep reflection—  
Homesick, weary and sad,  
For the outlook was certainly dreary  
And the weather was awfully bad.

And far in the hazy distance  
Of that chilly April day,  
The blaze from a prairie fire  
Was heading fast that way.

The scholars with frantic excitement  
Proclaim to her the fact,  
Her reverie rudely broken  
She finds that she must act.

Being equal to the occasion  
And replete with means and ways,  
She rips her skirt from the bodice  
And belabors the angry blaze.

The school was saved, and the scholars  
File in at the teacher's call,  
For the fire travelling onward  
Hadjn't jumped the break at all.

And whenever I see the prairie  
All black in the fire's wake,  
I think of that brave young teacher  
Who made such a splendid break.

—*Jamestown (N. D.) Alert.*

### Anent the May Moisture.

And the heavens opened and the floods came  
and beat upon those artesian wells in Dakota and  
made them sick and tired and disgusted with  
their mission upon this earth.—*Superior Inland  
Ocean.*

### About Mugs.

The Little Falls *Transcript* says a barber of  
that place "has a new shaving mug case, well  
filled with a much prettier lot of mugs than the  
men who own them." It is to be presumed that  
the editor's "mug" has since lost some of its erst-  
while beauty.

### The Retort Courteous.

A Chicago man says all Astoria salmon cannery  
should be made to date their cans. All right,  
we'll date our cans if you'll date your pies. An  
Illinois law compelling the dating of pies would  
do much toward suppressing the pistol habit in  
Chicago.—*Astorian.*

### Heard at The Corner.

Scene, avenue near Main.—First citizen—"It  
will cost something enormous. I don't see how  
we can pave it this year."

Second citizen—"That will be found easy  
enough. We've just got to lay our heads to-  
gether and the thing's done."—*Manitoba Liberal.*

### A Poet in Tears.

They frequently do things very hastily in  
newspaper offices. When Mr. C. Loftus Clymer  
submitted the copy for his long-promised verses  
entitled "A Tear," it was thrust into a pigeon-  
hole, where it remained until it appeared headed  
"Clymer On a Tear." It is but just to add that  
the head was only a few hours premature. H.

### A Problem in Social Science.

Will some one rise and explain why three out  
of five young persons of the male sex inject a  
sick-kitten tone into their voice when talking to

a girl over a telephone? The abstrusiveness of  
the reason therefor should induce scientific in-  
vestigation. The mental condition of the girl  
might then be looked after, and the world spared  
much pain. H.

### Fashion in Idaho.

An Idaho newspaper in writing up a ball thus  
describes a fair lassie's garb: "Miss Y—wore a  
red bombazine dress ruched with a point alpaca  
and over-skirt of rose gingham with a border of  
parsley blossoms. Her tortour was particularly  
noticeable from the fact that her hair was so  
deliciously scrambled in front. She also wore  
No. 9 lilac double-button gloves and No. 6 store  
shoes slashed at the heels and pompadour socks."

### Didn't Mind It at all.

In a collision on the Bumpety Bump & Pound-  
ing Junction Air line a brakeman was thrown  
fifty feet over a telegraph wire into a stone quarry  
where a charge of 200 pounds of dynamite had  
just been touched off. By this he was lifted into  
the next field where he was kicked by a Govern-  
ment mule owned by a farmer who asked, "Did  
it hurt you?" "Oh, no," replied the brakeman;  
"I am used to jars. I was formerly conductor on  
the Mayville branch of the Great Northern."—  
*Cassellton (N. D.) Reporter.*

### The Poetry of Country Life.

Colonel Ingersoll, in the exuberance of his rhet-  
oric, once remarked that the ideal home is in the  
country, where "every field is a picture and land-  
scape; every landscape a poem; every flower a  
tender thought, and every forest a fairy land." This  
leads a sour country editor to respond:  
"Yes, yes, and every kicking cow an epic, and  
every kick a tragedy, and every balky mule a  
jeremiad, and every foot of mud a threnody, and  
currying horses and doing the family chores in  
the dim vista of a four o'clock lantern, with the  
thermometer twenty below zero—a howling  
nuisance."

### An Opening Ready for Him.

An item is going the rounds of the press of the  
birth of a child that has two heads and two sets  
of arms. We want to adopt that boy right away.  
We want to teach him to be a printer. We will  
give him a seat between two cases. He can set  
brevier with his north pair of arms and minion  
with the south pair. When the foreman was out  
of the room he could swear at poor copy with the  
west mouth and at the proof reader with the east-  
ern one. He could spend his salary with one  
half of his make-up, but he would have a harder  
job in drawing his double pay with his other  
half.—*Manitoba Liberal.*

### A Relic of Antiquity.

Both taste and ingenuity are brought to bear  
now-a-days in the fitting up of store windows of  
the better sort, but it is something new for a  
laundry to utilize such space for anything except  
light. A Minnesota Street steam laundry in St.  
Paul, however, evidently wished to take a step  
in advance of the times, and placed on display a  
rusty flat-iron—such as is to be found in nearly  
every household—accompanied by a placard  
which read:

"Ancient hand-power laundry machine, for  
producing a smooth surface on linen. Kindly  
loaned by the Historical Society." H.

### The Annual House Cleaning.

The carpet tack with the sharp end up stands  
in the vestibule. A joint of pipe and an old tin  
cup are on the piano stool. A bar of soap is on  
the stairs, the map is in the hall, the veranda's  
covered o'er with chairs, no pictures are on the  
wall. The carpets on the lawn are spread, lace  
curtains on the line are hung, the piano supports

the feather bed, the blankets swing in the breeze.  
The house wife stands on the topmost stair, in a  
most majestic pose, a Turkish towel encircles  
her hair, and there's pot-black on her nose.  
The man of the family sneaks along through the  
alleys toward his home, and he sings to himself  
this cheerful song: "The beautiful spring has  
come."—*Colton (Wash.) News-Letter.*

### Shooting Stars in Fargo.

The scene was not a thousand miles from  
Fargo. As they sat on the steps on a moonlight  
evening he claimed the right to a kiss for every  
shooting star. She at first demurred, as became  
a modest maiden, but finally yielded, as usual.  
She was even so accommodating as to call his  
attention to flying meteors that were about to  
escape his observation, and got to "calling"  
him on lightning-bugs, and at last got him down  
to steady work on the light of a lantern that a  
switchman was swinging about in the Northern  
Pacific yards in the distance, where the boys  
were making up trains. Fargo girls are up with  
the times.—*Fargo Republican.*

### A Dreadful Epidemic.

The *Bulletin* let fall in a careless, casual sort of  
way what might happen in case Aberdeen were  
struck this summer by a zymotic disease; that is  
to say, by "Any epidemic, endemic, contagious  
or sporadic affection which is produced by some  
morbid principle acting on the system like a fer-  
ment." Alas, for the consequences of monkeying  
with a buzz saw! How little are we apt to realize  
the dreadful consequences that may result to the  
city by the esoterics making a common use of the  
words that should be strictly confined within  
their own class. Already, as a direct consequence  
of the introduction of this word into our news-  
papers and homes, an "epidemic, endemic, con-  
tagious or sporadic affection produced by some  
morbid or other principle, and acting on the  
system like a ferment" or otherwise, has led many  
of Aberdeen's most prominent citizens to jeopard-  
ize their handsome faces. It has been a close  
shave with all of them, and the resultant of the  
exposure of the length of many an upper lip, has  
left bare a mug that would furnish ample grounds  
in any court for absolute divorce.—*Aberdeen  
(Wash.) Herald.*

### A Tragedy Averted.

A good one is told on H. C. Spaulding. It ap-  
pears in the story, that while he was being  
dragged across the prairie in his recent run-  
away, he thought with rapidity of lightning, as  
does a drowning man. He first thought of his  
family. They were all right—fully provided for  
with life insurance. Next thought was of his  
cattle on the ranch. They were in good hands.  
Just at this juncture, he saw his team heading  
for a wire fence. "Now," pondered H. C., "if  
this is some o' the good wire I have been selling,  
then I am a gone gosling; while on the other  
band, if it is that handled by my competitors, I  
may yet be saved." The team went right  
through the fence and H. C.'s first inquiry after  
his rescue was, where the wire was purchased.  
He was informed that it was bought of his com-  
petitor, and he replied, "I knew it. Buy your  
wire of me hereafter."—*Laverne (Minn.) News.*

### The Way of the Transgressor.

"Mose," said a North Dakota man to a com-  
panion at the Merchants Hotel in St. Paul one  
night during the Republican Convention; "Mose,  
do you know that old saying about the metropo-  
lis of the Great Hereafter being paved with good  
intentions? Now, if that overheated city uses up  
the surplus stock of the Salvation Army and the  
prohibitory faction of our State, all well and  
good; but I'm—I'm afraid it doesn't. Take our  
own cases, for instance. Didn't we solemnly tell



our better halves—and in good faith, too—before leaving home, that we'd comport ourselves as should citizens of a great and legally dry commonwealth? And—have we?"

Several minutes of thoughtful silence. Then a sigh that might have come in bond from the Mammoth Cave or Bourbon County, Kentucky, escaped the speaker, as he probably dwelt upon the nature of his report to the partner of his (N. D.) joys and sorrows. But the silence became oppressive. He rose unsteadily to his feet and approached his friend.

"Mose, let's go out to th' bar and lay in s' more paving material. It'll be h—l when we get home!"

H.

#### Different Kinds of Pants.

Pants are made for men and not men for pants. Woman was made for man and not for pants. When a man pants for a woman and a woman pants for a man, they are a pair of pants. Such pants don't last. Pants are like molasses; they are thinner in hot weather and thicker in cold. The man in the moon changes his pants during an eclipse. Don't go to the pantry for pants; you may be mistaken. Men are very often mistaken in pants. Such mistakes make breeches of promise. There has been much discussion as to whether pants is singular or plural. Seems to us when men wear pants they are plural, but when they don't wear any, it's singular. Men get on a tear in their pants, and it's all right, but where their pants get on a tear, it's all wrong.

#### Cleared up the Mystery.

Down at Dayton, Ohio, at a banquet, some years ago—which was attended by our farmers, Ex-Mayor Chapin, Col. Pat Donan and Ohmers, a speech was made by the editor of the *Dayton Journal*, in which he said that his paper reached out to the farthest ends of the earth—"yea," said he, "even unto the wild and rugged steppes of Siberia, where, in a desolate hut on the mountain side, a lonely traveler found a box of Ayer's Cathartic Pills and a copy of the *Dayton Journal*." This was applauded, of course, and then came Major Bickham's ugly opponent—the editor of the "Infamous sheet across the way." He said: "The *Journal* is a good paper—its circulation is amazing—it goes everywhere—almost—and I have often wondered why? But now Editor Bickham explains it all—the *Journal* is a necessity in every household using Ayer's Cathartic Pills!"—*Fargo Forum*.

#### An Idaho Pharmacy.

A very tastefully displayed advertisement is running in an Idaho paper that reads as follows:

"EVAN MORGAN, M. D., Wardner, Idaho. (My diploma hangs in my office) Prescriptions carefully compounded at the Mint Sideboard.

Dr. Morgan recommends the following remedies: For la grippe, W. H. McBrayer, 1883; rheumatism, Old Hermitage, 1886; pneumonia, Old Crow, 1884; dyspepsia, Bond & Lillard, 1886; asthma, O. F. C. Taylor, 1884; consumption, Belle of Nelson, 1875; heart disease, Montreal Club, 1882; insomnia, Guckenhelmer Rye, 1879; neuralgia, Ramsey's Scotch—ten years old; lumbago, Cherry Bounce (home-made); biliousness, Duff Gordon's Sherry; constipation, Royal Port (Oporto); diarrhoea, \* \* \* Hennessy Cognac; sore throat, Peach or Apple Brandy; loss of appetite, Imported French Wines; despondency, Absinthe; headache, Gilka Kummel; toothache, Vermouth; For —, De Kuyper Gin (Genuine Hollands); general debility, Benedictine, Chartreuse, Marschino, Curacao or Anisette; catarrh, Genuine Mexican Cigars."

A line might humanely have been added to the effect that a proper sized dose of strichnine or cold lead would afford immediate relief from the effects of these excellent remedies.

#### Wealth had Become a Burden.

Once upon a time there was a miner—let's call him Mike, since this is a true story—while breaking ore in the depths of the great Maid of Erin mine at Leadville, suddenly fell heir to a considerable fortune by the death of a relative. Dropping his pick and drill he passed from darkness into light, and taking possession of his money started out to have a wild, hilarious time. Bidding farewell to the mountains he took a palace car for New York. There he drank the costliest wines and liquors, smoked the finest Havana cigars, drove the fastest horses, played nightly pranks with the gilded tiger, and in time by the brilliancy of his glory reduced the celebrated Coal Oil Johnny to a mere commonplace incident. His flight was short but spectacularly magnificent. At length, having reached the very dregs of his pile, he wandered back to Leadville, humbled and penitent, and again found work in the Maid of Erin. A year or so later came the announcement that another relative had "passed over the range," leaving him a still larger fortune. But the intelligence when conveyed to him brought no sign of rapture. With a deep sigh of weariness and anguish he exclaimed, "My God! Have I got to go through all that racket again!"—*Mining Age*.

#### Preferred the Good Old Way.

An amusing conversation, one that caused the reporter to stop and reflect for a few moments, was carried on this morning between two disgruntled bosses down on the Telephone wharf. They were evidently feeling pretty sore over the recent election, and had bled themselves to that shady spot where a good view could be had of that great salt sea over which so many of their late champions had taken sail, never again in this world to return.

"I don't like this new Australasian fardangle way of electing your mon, sure I don't," said the Irishman as he withdrew his knife blade from the pine bench that he had been whittling during the previous conversation.

"No more do I," returned his American companion, "no more do I. But what are you going to do about it? It is a law and that is only a fault of the men who go to Salem."

"Begorra, I have a scheme now," said the Irishman turning quickly toward his companion, "sure I have an idee. Whist, now, an I'll tell you of a way we can set the devils running."

The red faced American drew closer and braced himself where he could catch every word.

"This fall we elict two mimbers to the city council," whispered the Irishman, "an' we are not compelled, thanks to the gentlemen at Salem, to use that divilish Kangaroo sweat box in city elections. We'll have the good ol' style, that we will, an' the byes can skirmish aroun' in the ol' way as will do me heart good."

Then they both laughed as they moved across the street and disappeared around the corner, chatting away about the good old time when the free American citizen was allowed to vote early and often and strikers were galore.—*Astoria Examiner*.

#### Colonel Muncy and the Widow.

The *Trade* is pleased to learn through Captain Gray, of Pasco, that I. N. Muncy, formerly editor of the *Headlight*, of his town, has struck it rich among the mines of Northern Idaho. Colonel Muncy was a member of the Washington delegation to the National Editorial Convention held at St. Paul, last summer, and before leaving home he secured an option on a mine and lingered in St. Paul after the convention and until he had succeeded in selling out the mine at a profit of \$100,000 to himself, besides securing the superintendency of the same.

A Colonel-Sellers air always floats about in the sphere immediately surrounding Muncy that is truly refreshing to all who ever mingle in its genial precincts, and now that the colonel is on velvet he will undoubtedly keep his money in circulation. The colonel is nothing if not gallant, especially to the gentler sex. When the editorial delegation mentioned above reached Pasco, the tall form of the colonel was noticed on the depot platform, but as the train rolled on and the colonel did not join the delegation, a member was sent forward to look him up. He found the colonel in a tourist sleeper, seated tete a tete to a fairly good looking woman, with two children and various packages, to whom he had confided that he had just sold a mine, made a quarter of a million dollars and had ten more mines left to sell.

"Have you a husband?" the colonel inquired.

"No, sir; I buried him up the country a year ago," was the reply.

"Then you are widow?"

"I reckon I am."

"Which way are you traveling?"

"Going back to Wisconsin."

"Got sick of Washington?" continued the colonel, as he gave each one of the children a handful of peanuts.

"Well, the State is good enough," she slowly said. "Some mighty fine land, pleasant weather and fair schools, but I had to get out of where I was. I lost a pound a week right along for the last three weeks."

"Sick?"

"Humph! I'd like to see a sickness that would upset me. No, sir! My husband wasn't cold before I had an offer of marriage. It wasn't a month before I had three of 'em. Why, it wasn't three months before their tracks were as thick around my house as cat-trails after a snow storm."

"Had your pick, eh?" inquired the now beaming colonel as he deposited a big handful of peanuts in the widow's lap.

"Pick! I could have married anybody from my hired man up to the chap who owned four sections of land and had the finest herd of cattle in Douglas County. They came singly and in droves. They came by day and by night."

"And you—you—?"

"Say, you!" she exclaimed, as she drew herself up, "do I look like an idiot?"

"No, ma'am," assented the colonel with becoming gravity.

"Well, when I fling my two children at the head of a second husband and give up \$1,700 in cash in my pocket, you can call me an idiot. No sir! I repelled 'em. Jane, hand me the second-husband repeller."

The girl got down between the seats and fished up a fir club about four feet long and the widow held it out for inspection and said:

"There's hairs of six different colors sticking in the splinters, and these bloody stains are the pure quill. You can judge whether they sat down to make love or took the front door off its hinges in their haste to reach the pure gladsome sunshine."

"Great snakes!" whispered the colonel as he realized his perilous position, "I guess you don't want to marry, and if you will now excuse me, I will go into the sleeper and talk to a man who wants to buy one of my mines."

"K'rect, sir; but if you know anyone on this train who wants a headache that will last him all summer without any letting up, just put 'em up to begin to ask me if my heart don't yearn for love and my soul thrill for someone to call me darling."

The colonel joined the editorial party in a thoughtful mood, which lasted till morning, and had no more to do with the other sex until he reached St. Paul and met the pretty school ma'am.—*West Coast Trade*.



**POSTOFFICES AND PEOPLE.**—On March 5th, 1892, there were 518 postoffices in North Dakota. This is one for every 350 inhabitants. In South Dakota there is a postoffice for every 500 inhabitants. Wyoming with its 245 postoffices has one to every 250 inhabitants. This is the smallest average in the country. The largest average is Rhode Island, where there are 143 postoffices, or one to each 2,750 people. Kansas and the District of Columbia show a decrease in postoffices in the last three years.

**THIRTY INDIANS.**—Two years ago the Coeur d'Alene Indians ceded to the Government a portion of their reservation in consideration of \$600,500, and this money, or at least \$500,000 of it, has been paid, each Indian receiving \$1,100. The towns of Farmington, Tekoa, Oakesdale and other points along the line of the Spokane & Palouse Railroad received a big boom owing to this payment, for the Indians have settled their debts at the stores and are rapidly spending the balance of their wealth. Buggies and hacks seemed to have the greatest fascination for them and they lowered this stock to the bottom notch the first day after getting their money.

**INESTIMABLE PROGRESS.**—A missionary from the northern part of the province reports to the *Colonist* of Victoria that "Since last October great changes have taken place among the Tsimpian Kitsomak, Bella Bella and Queen Charlotte Indian tribes. They have all completely abolished the old medicine bag and rattle for curing disease, and are now very anxiously striving to get to know something of the uses of civilized drugs." He also says: "A very great evil that the missionaries have to contend against is the continual and large importation of spirits by the steamboats, the liquor being sold to the Indians all along the coast. During the past six months this traffic has largely increased, in spite of all efforts to put it down."

**SAYS THE WORLD HAS USED HIM WELL.**—Gosh, how time flies! exclaims Editor Pease, in a recent issue of the *Anoka Union*. Last Saturday, April 2, completed the twenty-sixth year of my residence in Anoka, and it has been a very continuous one. If you don't believe it, I'll tell you something. In all that time, there has not been a single issue of the *Union* but what contained articles from my pen. That's what might be called sticking to business with a big long stick. Has it paid? Well, during all these twenty-six years I've had enough to eat, drink and wear, and after all, that's about all you can get in this world. I've got some enemies, and I believe hosts of friends. The world has used me pretty well, and I sha'n't file any complaint in the year of our Lord, 1892.

**PROFITABLE MERCHANTISING IN OREGON.**—I met a merchant here (Portland) yesterday from Heppner, a small town in Eastern Oregon, which must be a paradise to storekeepers. Aside from the large sheep and cattle men who settle their bills twice a year, their trade is largely cash and done on a big margin. There they still sell sugar eleven pounds for a dollar, stick candy fifty cents a pound, and five-cent cigars two for a quarter. One dealer cleaned up \$16,000 last year off a \$20,000 stock, and it wasn't a very good year either. Over three million pounds of wool were shipped last season from this little town of

Heppner, while in the adjacent county, my informant tells me, it is not an unusual thing for a drover to have twenty-five or thirty thousand sheep at one time.—*Denver Tribune*.

**FORTY-SEVEN YEARS OF NEWSPAPER WORK.**—S. D. Schnebley, editor of the *Ellensburg Localizer*, began his seventy-fifth year lately, about forty-seven of which he has been engaged in newspaper work. He immigrated to Oregon in 1850, and took charge of the *Oregon Spectator*, the only paper in Oregon at that time, and indeed the only one in the Northwest. The paper was established at Oregon City in 1845 by the missionaries, Rev. Jason Lee being the prime mover in its establishment. It was run for five years with different editors—Colonel William T. Nault, Judge Aaron E. Wait, General George L. Curry and Rev. Wilson Blain, Robert Moore, Schnebley and Dr. W. L. Adams, who changed its name to the *Argus*. The *Spectator* clipped all its news from abroad from papers that came around the Horn twice a year. What the editor's shears left of the *New York Tribunes* and *Heralds* of those days was loaned to neighbors and worn out. Eastern papers were not merely glanced over and thrown aside. There was no editorial piracy, and the *Spectator* of those "early days" never had the opportunity to express its opinion about its esteemed Oregon contemporaries. Mr. Schnebley has run the *Localizer* nine years, having started it when *Ellensburg* was a very small village, but it has now grown into the second town in Central Washington.—*Portland Telegram*.

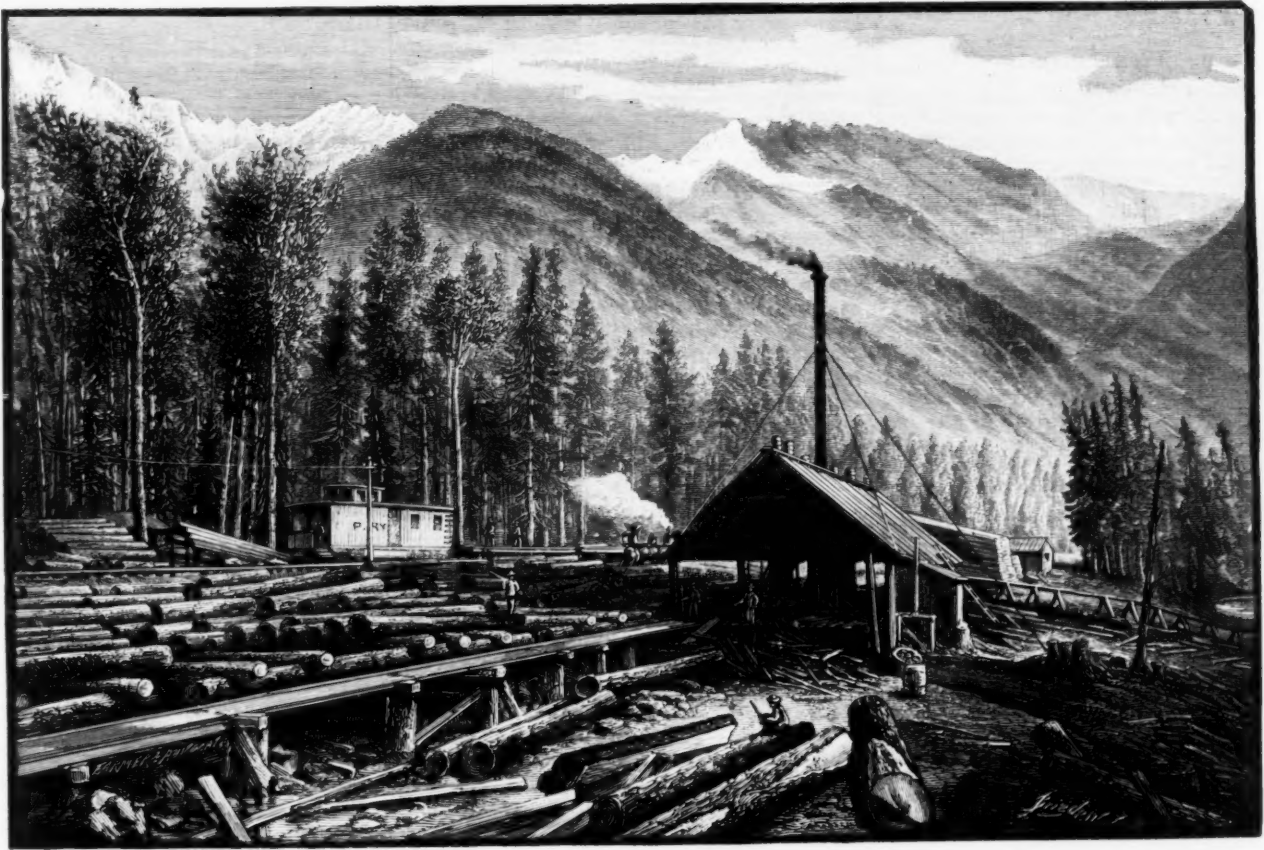
**A MINNEAPOLIS VIOLIN MAKER.**—P. R. Vance, a veteran commercial traveler, who is stopping at the West Hotel, tells an exceedingly interesting story about the early life and efforts of Harry H. Heskitt, a resident of Minneapolis, who has won quite a reputation as a violin maker. "I have not seen Harry for ten years or so," said Mr. Vance last evening. "He and I were playmates long ago. My father kept a hotel in a small town eighteen miles from Chillicothe, Ohio, and across the street from the hotel lived the Heskitt family. Harry, as I call him, was a 'ragamuffin,' as so many of us have been. At a very tender age he began to show signs of that inventive genius which has since earned him fame. When he was ten or twelve years of age he made a violin which showed how his mind was running. The box and arm of the violin, so called, was made out of a cigar box. He managed to get some sort of strings, and, if I remember correctly, he produced a noise from that instrument which some of the uneducated ears about there mistook for music. However, the instrument served to encourage the young idea, and young Heskitt made some advance when he got hold of my brother's violin, and played some. That instrument was a common old fiddle, but it answered the purpose. I guess it was kept in the woodshed. Anyway, it was kept in the woodshed when little Harry played on it, for its noise almost drove my mother crazy. The boy who thus started his violin making by getting up an instrument out of a cigar box, has since made some of the greatest instruments in existence today. He is a personal friend of Remenyi, the famous violinist, who has used several of his wonderful instruments, and also of the great Wilhelm, who has one of Mr. Heskitt's violins." Several weeks ago Remenyi wrote from Chicago directing Mr. Heskitt to make him a new violin, saying he would dedicate the instrument in Minneapolis.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

**IN THE EXTREME NORTHWEST.**—"The Peace River District" was the subject of a lecture delivered in Portage la Prairie a few weeks ago, by Rev. A. Garrioch, who spent seventeen years in that northern region as a Church of England

missionary. In reporting the lecture the *Review* says: "This much talked of country is 1,390 mile from here, 500 miles farther north than Portage and 700 miles farther west. To get there the traveler goes 1,040 miles by train, then 350 by wagon and boat. It is supposed that the Peace River Country derived its name from a treaty of peace made many years ago between the Beaver Indians and the Crees. The scenery of the country is magnificent. As the speaker dilated on its beauty and pictured its mountain grandeur, its great sweeps of prairie intersected by winding rivers, bordered with a wreath of cedar and other forest treasures, his eye lit up with an artist's love of the beautiful, and more than one in the audience wished they might one day also have the privilege of visiting this land of promise. It abounds in timber, and, putting the estimate at the lowest, Mr. Garrioch felt certain that the annual output of the country before long would be eight billion feet of lumber, and then leave plenty for the use of 800,000 homesteaders whom he hoped to see soon settled there. There are some fifty farmers including the Hudson Bay Company. In all there are about 300 cattle and 1,000 horses. There is nothing to hinder any energetic man from making a fortune out there ranching, as the grasses are so nutritious and sweet that the cattle are rolling fat, with no special care from their owners. For about seven and a half months there is no snow at all and in the winter the chinook winds are sure to follow every cold spell, thereby lessening the length and severity of the winter very much. The weeks of spring-like weather are sure to follow the cold snaps. Navigation is open for seven months of the year and the climate, taken as a whole, the speaker considered fully as pleasant as that of Manitoba. That the soil is good there is no doubt; the products prove that, and the country is rich in wood and water. A profusion of flowers adorn the landscape, and a sun-flower which Mr. Garrioch measured was fourteen inches in diameter. It is an ordinary thing to have pumpkins grown in the gardens which weigh twenty-five pounds."

**PROMINENT NORTHERN PACIFIC PEOPLE.**—General Manager Mellen recently returned from his third trip to the Pacific Coast this year. The interests of the N. P. in Idaho, Washington and Oregon have become so large, through the building of branches and the growth of traffic, that they require close attention from the management. Assistant General Manager Pearce, who was recently promoted from General Purchasing Agent and who still performs the duties of his old office in addition to those of his new position, has been out to the Yellowstone Park to set things in motion for the business of the season. Mr. Pearce has the Park interests of the company in special charge. Newman Kline, formerly Assistant to the General Manager, is now at Seattle, as division superintendent of the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern, an N. P. property. He is an energetic and popular railroad man. General Auditor Barker, who used to have his headquarters in St. Paul and was obliged by his duties to go to New York about once a month, now lives in New York and makes occasional visits to his old home. Chief Engineer Kendrick now belongs, nominally and officially, in Chicago, but spends most of his time in his car on one part or another of the 4,000 mile system with which he has to deal. Most of the members of the large N. P. colony in St. Paul have their homes on St. Anthony's Hill. There lives General Traffic Manager Hannaford, General Freight Agent Moore, General Passenger Agent Fee, Assistant General Manager Pearce, Land Commissioner Lamborn, and several others. Mr. Mellen, who now lives on lower Summit Avenue, is going to build a house on Portland Avenue, on the Hill.





SAWMILL IN THE ROCKIES.



HUNTING FOR IRON ORE IN NORTHERN MINNESOTA.—A CAMP OF PROSPECTORS.

## A MEMORABLE CELEBRATION

BY HERBERT DASHFORD.

Washington, and especially the Puget Sound region, is inhabited by a people remarkable for their noble patriotism. It may be that the memory of the great man whose name the State bears has something to do with this love of country; at any rate, a Fourth-of-July celebration is looked forward to with the brightest anticipation. The small towns along the Sound vie with each other in the extent of their jollification, which at times is wonderful in the extreme. For instance, the town of Greenfield is notable in this respect, more particularly the female portion of the village. So ambitious were they in the year 189—that they declared by flaming hand-bills, several dozen of which were distributed throughout the large cities, that they would have the "eagle screaming at Greenfield on this great and glorious day." These announcements also stated that the Hon. Johnathan Clearweather would deliver the oration, while Judge Folsom was to read the Declaration of Independence. Besides these eloquent men there were to be numerous foot-races, high jumps, and greased pigs. A large brass band had been engaged for the occasion. From all appearances there was to be an enjoyable time.

As soon as it was generally known that Greenfield would celebrate, many persons in neighboring towns endeavored to be rivals, Mrs. Minglow of Minglow Landing sending forth the proclamation that she would have a picnic at her place; but whether or not this event transpired I never learned, the lady managing the affair being arrested before the time arrived for selling liquor without a license; a circumstance which tended to throw a shadow of gloom over her undertaking.

I was an intimate acquaintance of a few leading society ladies residing in Greenfield, therefore it was not surprising that I was invited to assist in the exercises, as I had contributed spring poems and odes for the "*American Enlightener*," published in that village. The mechanical construction of my verses was perfect, each line of them being measured by rule, and I was to deliver my own poetical effusion on the auspicious day. Mrs. Wilby, foremost among the projectors, urged me to secure any friends of mine who possessed elocutionary powers to accompany me and give recitations. My first thoughts fell on Clarinda Harlinbee, for among all I knew, I was sure none could acquit themselves more creditably than she. Why not ask her to go with me? I suggested this to her, and after some consideration she consented. I was delighted. So was Mrs. Wilby, who, being in the city of M—on business connected with the enterprise, called upon Clarinda's parents and urgently requested them to come to the celebration. As they were quite aged they hesitated, but when Mrs. Wilby, with many smiles and graces, pictured to them the pleasant boat ride and assured them a good, warm dinner with plenty of excellent coffee, which would be awaiting them at the new hotel on their arrival, they finally accepted her pressing invitation.

Mrs. Wilby had chartered two steamboats to run from M—to Greenfield and return. She presented me with four slips of paper with her name written thereon, saying they would serve as passes for my friends and myself, explaining to me that she had neglected to bring her printed tickets with her.

The week previous to the Fourth I spent in my room before the mirror, rehearsing my poem, "Sing, Little Bird, Sing"—a lyric written in the style of Herrick, which I thought quite suitable for the occasion, and which I intended to recite with all the necessary gestures and facial expressions. In fact, I tried warbling like a bird, but frightened my sister by so doing, and relinquished the idea on her persuasion. I inquired of Clarinda what she was studying for a recitation. She replied, "Old Ironsides," of course, and smiled coquettishly. To tell the truth, I loved Miss Harlinbee and had for many months, though I had never breathed such a thing to her. She was one of those bright, winsome creatures whom to know was to love. More than once had I told in song of a graceful, petite figure, a beautiful, intelligent face, big blue eyes beaming with animation, deep-brown curls that crowned a shapely head, and wit and poetry that flowed from wine-flushed lips. It is needless to say Clarinda was the subject of these written utterances of my heart. The very thought of spending a day—a whole long day—in the society of the object I adored filled me with unspeakable exultation.

When the morning of the great day came I was in a flutter of excitement. I dressed in my best, which at the most was nothing stylish or

I observed that each of the musicians had the letters "O. B. B." printed on his cap, signifying, as I supposed, "Old Baldheaded Band;" but when I complimented one of the members on the appropriateness of the title I learned immediately that the letters meant "Our Bonny Boys." Clarinda declared their playing had a tendency to make her appreciate good music.

After the band had repeated "Hail Columbia" for the sixth time and we had become very enthusiastic, the bell tinkled faintly, the monstrous craft creaked and groaned, the captain shouted to his crew, they both sprang to their post of duty and in a few moments we were steaming down the Sound, leaving behind us a crawling path of snow. No breeze stirred, the water was perfectly smooth, mirroring in its crystal depths the blue, unclouded sky.

Clarinda and I seated ourselves on the deck. She busied herself in repairing the feathers on her hat, which had been damaged by a pike-pole in the hands of one of the crew. She was not in the best of humor over the affair. I tried to soothe her ruffled feelings. Just then the purser, who was also the captain, a tall, lean man with high cheekbones and fiery mustache, demanded my fare. I gave him the four slips bearing Mrs. Wilby's signature, referring to Mr. and Mrs. Harlinbee, who were in the cabin. In broken

Swede he refused to take them. Then I told him my name and position, but he quickly said I "vas ust a beek," insisting on my giving him the money for our passage—two dollars for the party. I walked along the deck with him, trying my utmost to assure him the slips were genuine. He would not be convinced and told me that if I did not pay the fares we would be put off the boat at the next landing.

I was in despair. My pocket-book contained but one dollar. What was I to do? I dare not tell Mr. Harlinbee in what poverty was the admirer of his daughter. I was sure this would ruin me in his estimation.

"Hold on," I said to the captain, "I'll make it all right rather than have a fuss."

Going to Clarinda I explained to her how unfortunate I had

been, pretending that I had left my money at home, and told her of my predicament. As she was fumbling in her purse for the required sum, the captain came around and said the passes were satisfactory. I never wanted to thrash a man so badly as I did him. Why could he not have said so in the first place, instead of forcing me to expose my embarrassing situation? It was with difficulty I constrained my passion for revenge. Clarinda laughed—haughtily, I fancied. In the next half hour, during which she arranged the feathers on her hat, the boat stopped four times at houses along the shore, taking aboard an old man, a small boy and several dogs, while the band played "Hail Columbia" at each landing. We passed beautiful wooded islands whose beaches, left wet by the ebbing tide, flashed and gleamed in the golden sunlight. Here and there we saw the white tents of merry campers and quaint little cabins constructed of logs and "shakes," with patches of garden surrounding them and new rail fences winding their way among big, charred stumps. If my memory serves me aright we landed seventeen times before reaching Greenfield, where we arrived shortly after one o'clock, all ravenously hungry and feeling capable of doing ample justice to the dinner.

Headed by the band, which played the usual



"I THOUGHT MR. HARLINBEE WOULD NEVER GET HIS FILL."

costly, save, perhaps, the huge silk tile I wore—considered by Clarinda the most becoming part of my wearing apparel—and I received many compliments on my appearance from the driver of the hack that took us to the boat.

Mr. Harlinbee, a portly old gentleman with gray beard, sharp, black eyes, and ruddy, jovial face, looked forward to an exceedingly enjoyable time, especially at the hotel, as he was possessed of an enormous appetite. Mrs. Harlinbee, frail and bent, of a nervous temperament and vacillating disposition, was almost afraid to go aboard the boat, informing us of the risk we were taking in doing so and how many, many ships went to the bottom every day. However, after some coaxing on the part of her husband, we all entered the cabin. One by one the people crowded in until there must have been fully four and twenty passengers. Suddenly, from the hurricane deck, floated sweet strains of music, and going to where we could obtain a good view of the band, we saw no less than three fat men, whom we thought were Germans, with their cheeks swelled into red balloons and blowing with all their might; the while we were wrapped in silence, all listening attentively to the enlivening tune of "Hail Columbia," on the conclusion of which two dozen hearty cheers rent the morning air.



patriotic air, we marched two by two down the long pier and up the roadway to the hotel, a large handsome building decorated with flags that overlooked the Sound. Ere we had fairly entered the door, Mrs. Wilby and Miss Frelstone, a plump maiden with a rosy complexion, seized us, almost forcing us into the spacious dining room. Mrs. Harlinbee, in striving to keep pace with her starving husband, caught him by the tail of his Prince Albert, tearing it nearly to the shoulders.

How we did eat! The table was loaded to its utmost with all the delicacies of the season and there was heaped about our plates such a variety of food as I ne'er before saw or tasted. I thought Mr. Harlinbee would never get his fill. He actually choked, until his wife, to her mortification, was compelled to slap him between his shoulder blades for more than a minute in order to let him breathe, and then he gasped and sputtered his coffee so that the tablecloth was drenched and dripping. Mrs. Harlinbee scolded him severely, to the amusement of a broad-faced, yellow-haired country lass, who overturned her cup of tea into the lap of one of the "O. B. B.'s," causing loud exclamations in German, the drift of which I could not understand. Clarinda being a German scholar, blushed crimson.

When Mr. Harlinbee had eaten until he said the waistband of his trousers was killing him and Mrs. Harlinbee, on account of the behavior of her better half had scarcely taken a mouthful, we went out to witness the foot-races and hear the oration. As we stood on the broad veranda Mr. Wilby approached. He looked care-worn and his eyes were swimming in tears. He told me in a whisper that neither the orator nor the judge were present, but if Clarinda and I so desired we could "speak our pieces."

This, of course, I was perfectly willing to do. Miss Harlinbee, however, vowed she would never make a consummate fool of herself; and, not wishing to displease her, I said she was certainly right. Everyone was sorry at the non-arrival of the Hon. Clearweather and Judge Folsom, the majority of the men manifesting their disappointment by frequent visits to the rear room of a neighboring "grocery." Mrs. Harlinbee was finding fault with her husband because he persisted in pushing his tongue against a loose lower tooth, a habit that in her eyes gave him an idiotic appearance. He stoutly refused to obey her wishes and sarcastic words passed between them. Every now and then my fair companion proceeded to repair her dilapidated hat, remarking that she would never again go on such a wild-goose chase.

I almost regretted having given up the grand excursion we had planned to take elsewhere with other friends, now that the opportunity for reciting my "Sing-little-bird-sing" was lost to me, perhaps forever. A crowd began to collect in the roadway near the hotel. Intense excitement prevailed and we knew from the conversation there was to be a footrace, but after a great deal of wrangling, and much suspense on our part, the contestants, a chubby half-breed Indian and a tall youth with a remarkably long, pointed nose, agreed not to race, as there were "no bets up," although an old man had repeatedly informed the multitude that he would put up a good monkey-wrench against a brass watch on "Grime," whoever he was.

Suddenly we noticed Mrs. Harlinbee was gone, and hearing dance music in the hotel we hurried thither in search of her. Climbing the long stairway to the second floor we came to the ball room. The "O. B. B." was seated upon a beautifully draped dry goods box and close by stood a fat man, mopping his red face and sweaty bald head, as he called the changes. There were maidens in calico wearing yellow and red ribbons, fleshy women with big feet encased in heavy

shoes besmeared with tallow, old men who wore blue jeans and no shoes, young men dressed in tailor-made suits and high collars, and all galloping around and giggling as though they never before had so thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

To our abject astonishment we caught a glimpse of Mrs. Harlinbee bobbing about with an angular, red-bearded man for a partner. I suppose she did this to spite her husband, who, on seeing her, cried, "Oh, you old woman!" and in his rage chased after her. He was bumped right and left by the dancers, but at length succeeded in grasping her by the arm, and the scene that ensued I will not attempt to describe. Her partner grappled with Mr. Harlinbee, and together they fell, rolling over and over. Mrs. Harlinbee screamed shrilly, while Clarinda and I rushed to quell the disturbance. I was tripped by someone and fell sprawling. When we finally made our exit from the ball room Clarinda's face was pale as ashes, and her hat, which had been trampled upon, she carried in her hand. Mrs. Harlinbee looked mad, and her husband, whose face was slightly scratched, was panting and blowing. I was dust from head to foot. As we gained the open air there were explanations from Mrs. Harlinbee, loud ejaculations from Mr. Harlinbee and exclamations of disgust from Clarinda. As for myself I said nothing. The affair was disgraceful, to say the least. A boat would leave for M— in a quarter of an hour and while gathering ourselves together, we decided the most sensible thing to do was to go home.

Without saying another word we boarded the "Merry Maid," the cabin of which was already crowded with women and crying babies, but we found good seats on the floor; then the captain gave us the startling information that he would not make a stop before reaching M—, whereupon a short, determined appearing gentleman draped in flags, said the boat would let him off at Minglow's Landing or he'd know the reason why. The captain and he fell into a discussion, telling each other various truths, until the man from Minglow's seized a stick of cordwood, an act which seemed to instantly persuade the master of the boat to acknowledge himself beaten in the controversy. In a few moments, had he not altered his mind, we all, no doubt, have agreed with him.

As we started, I obtained possession of two camp stools, and Clarinda and I seated ourselves on the deck, though she had not spoken to me since we departed from the hotel. Being alone, I said to her as tenderly as I could,

"Miss Harlinbee, I'm thinking seriously of taking a trip to Europe, and"—

"Well, for Heaven's sake, take it," she curtly interrupted.

"And I am contemplating having you accompany me, providing you'll"—

"I was going to say 'If you'll be my wife,' but at that instant she discovered a spark from the smoke stack was burning a large hole in her new silk parasol, which she brought down on my tile with such violence as to crush it completely over my eyes. When I adjusted it she was gone, and lighting a cigar I sat reflecting on the happenings of the day, arriving at the conclusion that it had certainly been a memorable celebration.

#### Posthumous Fame at Five Cents a Line.

We are again compelled to announce that obituary notices will be charged for at the rate of five cents per line, says the Townsend, Mont., *Messenger*. Announcement of death, not exceeding five lines, free. We have given up much space in these columns to such matters and in almost every instance neither the parties themselves nor their immediate relatives have ever contributed a nickel to sustain this paper, directly or indirectly. Those who want newspaper fame after death must make arrangements for its publication or they'll be left.

#### LOST IDEALIA.

I shall never see again  
Lost Idealia; never more  
Know the passion, almost pain,  
Each unto the other bore.  
In a dungeon dark and chill  
My heart's castle holds her still  
Yet her voice I cannot kill;  
For, betimes, a bygone tune  
Strolling by that castle wall  
In my dying afternoon  
Lost Idealia will recall;  
And I hear the pleading cry,  
"My beloved, it is I.  
Hasten, for the days are long  
Waiting for the vesper song!"—  
But alas! that dungeon key,  
It is sunken in the sea.  
  
Rude hands dug that dungeon deep  
Underneath that castle fair;  
All I loved and longed to keep,  
All I knew of pure and fair,  
Rude hands thrust and buried there.  
  
Once in my sweet long ago  
Lost Idealia came to reign  
Over all my fair domain  
With the purity of snow,  
With the passion, almost pain,  
Like a sun-burst through the pall  
Of my winter, I recall;  
When our love-illumined day  
Flamed against the western way,  
She would sigh, "The day is long,  
Sing to me the vesper song."  
Then like petaled flakes of snow  
Drooped her eyelids—long ago.

Evil things with starry eyes  
Sealed that airy castle wall  
With false keys of Paradise  
Leading to Bacchantes' hall,  
And they flung false summer skies  
Like a curtain over all.

Soon within that castle fair,  
Rioting tumultuous reigned;  
Evil passions revealed there  
Wantonly, all unrestrained;  
"They are guests," I said, "to stay  
But a season—then away."  
Then my Queen I buried deep  
In that dungeon of my heart  
And I lulled her into sleep  
Till the evil should depart.  
Years ago; triumphant still  
False and foul they linger on;  
And I laugh without a will  
Mingling with the ghastly throng;  
For they stole that dungeon key  
And they sank it in the sea.  
Yet, betimes, a bygone tune,  
Strolling by that castle wall  
In my dying afternoon,  
Lost Idealia will recall;  
And I hear the pleading cry,  
"My beloved, it is I!  
Hasten, for the days are long  
Waiting for the vesper song!"—  
But alas! that dungeon key,  
It is sunken in the sea.

L. A. OSBORNE.

#### A BROKEN HEART.

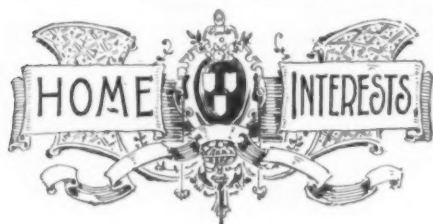
It seemed to me so sad, so great a thing  
When first my heart received that mortal blow,  
When first I understood I ne'er should know  
Again that gladness that was wont to spring  
Unbid. Methought I could not bear the sting.  
My own heart broke! and I had loved it so!  
My only heart—alas, alas, my woe!  
How could the skies be fair and robins sing?  
My heart, my life, myself—'twas all I had;  
No duplicate had God to give to me,  
And all was lost. Was ever aught so sad?  
So sad? 'Tis always thus, and e'er shall be,  
For each new heart-break is a life undone,  
And none that live are granted more than one.

PERCIS E. DARROW.

#### THE ENGLISH MAID.

An English maid, so fresh and fair,  
Warms the chill October day,  
And the sunshine rare, in her gold brown hair,  
Drives thoughts of the blues away.  
  
As we hurry along through the journey of life,  
In crowded hall or street,  
There's nothing more fair, to give glow to the air,  
Than the English maid we meet.

JOHN SAXON.



## DAWN.

Bright is the dawn of the golden day,  
Sweet the ties of faithful souls,  
Warming our lives with a holy ray,  
Full and strong as the ocean rolls.

Little is there of the earth and its life  
Unless 'tis lived in God's own way,  
Pure and holy and void of strife,  
Bright with love as a summer day.

JOHN SAXON.

## What Dreams Mean.

To dream of a goose, implies sitting for your picture. To dream of heaps of gold, indicates misery and avarice; a few pieces, honesty and industry. To dream of children, portends a serious diminution in your income. To dream of a knave, implies meeting an old acquaintance. To dream of being an idiot—(this is a thing a person never dreams of!) To dream of seeing a king or queen, denotes a great disappointment. To dream of seeing the devil, implies a visit to your lawyer. To dream of reading romances, indicates loss of time. To dream of catching a weasel asleep, indicates great cleverness. To dream of catching fleas, is to overcome your enemies. To dream of flattery, indicates sickly appetite and want of taste.

## Health at Eighty-one.

Oliver Wendell Holmes attributes his good health and remarkable vigor of mind at eighty-one to the extreme care he has long taken of himself. Never robust, he was nevertheless wiry in his earlier life, and since he reached eighty his hygienic vigilance is unceasing. The rooms that he daily occupies are equipped with barometers, thermometers, aerometers, and other instruments, the observations of which may prevent his incurring the slightest risk of taking cold. He knows that pneumonia is the most formidable foe of old age, and he is determined to keep it at a distance if possible. He never gets up during the winter until he knows the temperature, or takes his bath without having the water accurately tested. He lives by rule, and the rule is inflexible. His time is scrupulously divided—so much allotted to reading, so much to writing, so much to exercise, and so much to recreation. His meals are studies of prudence and digestion.

## A Hirsute Humbug.

"Ladies should be careful how they use vaseline on the face, for the result of a number of experiments has induced the suspicion that a persistent use of it will cause hair to grow on almost any part of the face. There have been instances known of ladies inducing a heavy growth of hair on the upper lip and chin by using vaseline to drive away pimples. Like some other medicaments, vaseline is too new to allow of all its properties being yet known, but the fact that it will induce a growth of hair, if persistently used, seems to be fairly well settled."

The above clipping is going the rounds of the press, and being seemingly valuable information is extensively copied. It is really an advertisement in disguise for the concern which manufactures vaseline, and claims to have the exclusive right to sell refined pumpwax under that name. The worst of it is that it contains an unmitigated untruth. Vaseline will not make the hair grow, but not being a true fat acid is really injurious to the scalp. Our advice is to avoid it.

This bubble about the virtues of vaseline must be pricked. Some time ago a similar squib went the rounds of newspapers, wherein vaseline was recommended as a good application for shoes and leather. Every currier can tell you that it is absolutely injurious. Leave it alone.—*American Analyst.*

## What Not to Do at Home.

Don't Fret. Fretting irritates and annoys listeners, without bringing comfort or cheer to the fretter. Don't Fret.

Don't Talebear. Talebearing is not apt to bear good fruit, the product too often being unhealthy, specky and rotten. Don't Talebear.

Don't Grumble. Whatever else you do, don't grumble, unless you have something really worth grumbling about, and even then don't spin your grumblings out interminably. Don't Grumble.

Don't Talk Unduly. There is a time to talk and a time not to talk, as decidedly as there is a "time to laugh" and a "time to cry." Don't talk without you have something to say worth talking about. Don't Talk Unduly.

Don't Pout. Genuine pouters make a great show of inflated breasts, but the imitation article never makes even this much of a mark in the world. Pouting should always be done in the back-yard, never "before folks." Don't Pout.—*Good Housekeeping.*

## He Saw Himself Die.

The following story is about Dr. Wilsey, who saw himself die out West and came back to life again. The doctor told how he saw himself go out of his body, saw his body lying on the bed, with his wife and sister kneeling by his side and weeping. He thought it a great joke on them that they should not know he was as much alive as ever. He laughed outright at the "joke" and was surprised that they did not hear him laugh. He went out of the house down street, and then struck off into the country, thinking to himself, "This must be the road people take when they die."

He hadn't gone far when a voice warned him that if he got beyond a certain point he couldn't get back. But the sensation of being free from his body was so delightful and the landscape was so inviting that he felt no desire to return. All the while, however, he seemed to be attached to his physical body by a fine, almost invisible thread, which kept drawing him back. He lost consciousness, and when he revived he was again lying on his bed with his family around him.—*Boston Evening Record.*

## A Legal Snarl.

A piece of real property was incumbered by a mortgage. The owner, to save his equity from his creditors, conveyed it to a third party. A judgment stood of record against this third party so old that it had been forgotten. When the owner's hour of danger was past, he took the title again in himself. Then he made a new mortgage large enough to nearly pay off the old one, and the original mortgagee satisfied his lien and accepted a junior mortgage, by its terms subject to this new one, as security for the balance of his debt. At this stage the judgment creditor of the third party who had held the property for a while looked up the facts and discovered that the course of events had made his claim apparently a first lien. He thereupon advertises the premises to be sold on execution; but not wishing to be unjust to the original mortgagee, buys them in, subject to the balance of his debt as evidenced by the junior mortgage. Here, then, we have the judgment creditor's title first in one sense, and yet, by his own act, subject to the junior mortgagee's interest. We also have the junior mortgagee's interest first by the act of the judgment creditor, but by its own terms subject to that of the new first mortgagee's. And, finally,

we have the new first mortgagee's interest apparently second of record, third by the intention of the judgment creditors, and first by the express admission of the junior mortgagee. This is an actual Ramsey County legal snarl, and yet some people say that the law is a dreary science.—*St. Paul Globe.*

## A Minneapolis Interior.

Speaking of art, I know a lady art writer who has fitted up a unique corner in her family sitting room that would charm any man fond of a pipe, a cigar or a chat with the clever hostess. It is a sort of a divan fitting into a slight recess or alcove. A small black bearskin sprawls upon the wall at the back, just beneath a high window. The divan is covered with a magnificent robe which puzzles nineteen out of twenty people—a Montana cowskin, coal black and of great size. On the floor at the foot of this is a rug of a mountain lion skin—a splendid specimen. And fastened to the walls, working in a swivel to the right and left, are superb and highly polished horns of the wild cow whose hide you are sitting on. The horns are ash and cigar stub receivers and can be lifted out of their sockets and replaced at will. Above them on the other side are Indian relics and Chinese trinkets, respectively. Each article has a history. Stretched at full length in this cosy retreat, with a good cigar and the conversation of a highly gifted woman, it seems hard to believe that there is anything worth living for outside.—*Cor. N. Y. Herald.*

## Death in a Kiss.

The following is from a sensible article in the *Agnostic Journal*, from the pen of its editor who writes over the name "Saladin":

"Remember," said a prudent physician to his wife, as he was leaving home for a few days, "and do not let the children kiss anyone."

"Is it possible," asked a surprised third party who was present, "that you consider it necessary to give such instructions as these? Where is the danger?"

"The danger is so complicated and yet so certain that it would take too much time to describe it here," said the doctor. "In my case, all kinds of people come to my house and office to consult me, and they often wait hours. If one of my children happens to come in, they are almost certain to talk to it, and you know almost the first impulse with people who notice children is to kiss them. Bah! it makes me shudder—tainted and diseased breaths, lips blue with cancer, foul and decayed teeth. You would kill a stranger who would waylay your young daughter and kiss her by force; but the helpless, innocent, six-year-old child, susceptible as a flower to every breath that blows, can be saluted by everyone who cares to salute it. I tell you it was not Judas alone who betrayed by a kiss. Hundreds of lovely, blooming children are kissed into their graves every year."

"But, doctor, how can a mother be so ungracious as to refuse to allow people to notice her children?"

"There need be no ungraciousness about it, or, if there were, which is the more important, the safety and well-being of the child, or the permitting of a habit of ill-breeding, and doubtful morality at best? Let the mother teach her child that it is not a kitten or a lap-dog, to be picked up and fondled by every stranger, and instruct it to resist any attempt to kiss it. Why, there are agents, peddlars of household wares, who make it a custom to catch up a prattling child, kiss and pet it, and so interest the mother that she will buy something she does not want. I tell you there is death in the kiss! The lamented Princess Alice of Hesse took diphtheria from the kiss of her child and followed it in death. Diphtheria, malaria, scarlet fever, blood poisoning, and death lurk in these kisses."



**Sleep and Sleeplessness.**

The most ancient account that has come down to us of a systematic attempt to vanquish sleeplessness is probably the one which is to be found in the book of Esther. We there learn that Ahasuerus, on an occasion when he could not sleep, "commanded to bring the books of records of the Chronicles, and they were read before him." The book of records of the Chronicles stood in lieu of the newspaper, and a newspaper is still employed by many as an inducer of sleep. But newspapers and the light by which to read them are not always at the disposal of wakeful persons. Chief among the conditions which accompany natural sleep is the comparative freedom of the brain from blood. The difference is indeed sufficient to cause a sensible falling off in the temperature of the head of a sleeping person. A second condition is the comparative freedom of the brain

Long deprivation of sleep is, therefore, dangerous to the well being of the body; for in default of proper fuel, the bodily fires consume the body itself. Nor is this all. Oxygen is necessary for strength; and it is to the lack of it in the tired body that the phenomenon which is so often to be observed in sleepy persons may be attributed. The muscles of the neck, for the nonce improperly fortified, grow weak, and the sufferer involuntarily nods. At a later stage all the muscles are similarly affected. The third condition which tends to produce natural sleep may be called periodicity. Man is essentially a creature of habit, and the advent of bedtime is, even in the case of people who suffer from wakefulness, the most favorable opportunity for seeking rest. If, then, the time be propitious, the position appropriate, and the degree of fatigue sufficient the ordinary person goes to sleep. But one or

mended; but the prescription of Professor Preyer of Jopai is perhaps the best. He makes his patient stand with one arm outstretched until the limb aches violently. This conducts an excess of blood to the arm and seldom fails to relieve the brain. The worse thing that a sleepless man can do is to make use of chloral or morphia. The more he takes it the more he needs it; and scores of instances are on record of men who, having taken one or the other for a few nights in succession, have never again been able to sleep without the assistance of the drug. Sleep is so good a thing for the body that it may always be enjoyed with advantage whenever it can be obtained; but the amount of sleep that is absolutely necessary for the recuperation of the faculties varies greatly with different people. Eight hours' sleep, eight hours' work and eight hours' recreation is perhaps the best division of the day and night for most

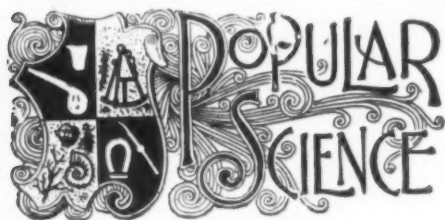


THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FRIENDS.—From the original Painting in the Layton Art Gallery, Milwaukee.

from oxygen. Alexander von Humboldt seems to have been the first to suggest this, and his theory is now very generally accepted; although several writers—and notably Dr. Friedrich Scholz of Bremen—have recently attacked it with considerable energy. But this condition exists only at the commencement of sleep. It is apparently the principal cause of mental fatigue; and as the proportion of oxygen increases, the fatigue and consequent need of sleep decrease. The activity and usefulness of every organ of the body are carried on at the expense of a consumption of animal fuel; and this process exhausts much of the oxygen of the system. We take in oxygen in the air we breathe, but we do not take in quite enough for our waking needs. The deficiency is supplied from the oxygen that we store up within us while we sleep. During the day we gradually exhaust this reserve; and as the supply of oxygen falls, so the fires of our vitality diminish.

more of the conditions may be lacking, or there may be mental conditions which seem to forbid sleep, even when time, position and fatigue are all favorable. The commonest of these diverse conditions is more or less intense mental pre-occupation. This tends to drive blood to the head, and the evil may be remedied either by intellectual exertion in a less absorbing direction or by mechanical means. Boerhave recommends his sleepless patients to lie where they could not avoid listening to the regular falling of drops of water into a resonant vessel. Jean Paul Richter suggested the picturing in the mind of an endless garland of flowers which stretched away into measureless space. Other people advise the sufferer to count to himself, or to conjure up visions from the pattern of the paper on the wall or from the shadows in the room. Among the mechanical means for withdrawing the excess of blood from the brain, the use of a hot bath may be recom-

persons; but stout people generally require more sleep than lean ones, and old people less than young ones. Alexander von Humboldt slept for only four hours out of twenty-four; so did Frederick the Great. Napoleon, on the other hand, slept much, and would, at least at one time in his life, fall asleep whenever he had an opportunity. It is recorded of him that when he was before Toulon he could fall asleep during the heaviest firing, but that he usually awoke as soon as it ceased. A similar phenomenon occasionally occurs with most of us. The stopping of a clock or the cessation of the jolting and whirling of an express train will wake many a man who sleeps soundly enough while the noise continues. The miller is aroused when his mill-wheel comes to a standstill; and the sleeping coachman wakes with a start when his weary horse pulls slowly up and begins to nibble the grass at the sides of the road.—*St. James Gazette*.



#### A New Political Weapon.

Science has at last invented a worse smell than that from a bad egg. The smell that has added fresh purgatorial experiences to this life is a preparation of sulphide of ammonium, and enough of it to break up a political convention can be carried in a thin glass bulb in the vest pocket.

#### The Future Pavement.

The cedar block is destined to be superseded as pavement material, though it may be many years taking its final leave. Its chief weakness is the necessity for constant repairs upon it. It has won its present place in popular favor by the easy foothold it furnishes for teams and its noiselessness. In these two particulars a new pavement now being introduced into London excels every known pavement. This new roadway material is made of granulated cork and bitumen pressed into blocks and laid like brick.

#### The Watch Dog of the Bad Lands.

There are many queer rock formations in the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri, in the extreme western part of North Dakota. One of these formations, pictured on this page, is called the Watch Dog of the Bad Lands and stands on a high hill slope a little east of Medora and in plain view from passing trains on the Northern Pacific Railroad. From one point of view its resemblance to the head and neck of a dog is striking. The Bad Lands abound in stumps and fragments of petrified trees and in fossil fishes and shells. They offer a very attractive field for the explorations of scientists and would make an admirable resort for camping parties of students and professors who want to carry on their studies and researches in the field. Medora, the only town in the region, is about twenty-six hours distant from St. Paul.

#### Some Strange Possibilities.

Professor Oliver J. Lodge thinks electricity is a mode of manifestation of the ether, that strange medium which is supposed to pervade all space and to carry light from sun to planet and from star to star, says the *Youth's Companion*. Professor Crookes says that in a single cubic foot of the ether, in which the earth is submerged, 10,000 foot tons of energy—that is, force enough to lift 10,000 tons one foot—lie imprisoned, only awaiting the magic touch of science to be loosed for the service of man. Professor Nicholas Tesla has already succeeded in producing in a room an electrostatic field, into which if a glass tube exhausted of air is carried, the tube will glow with light and illuminate the room like a lamp. It now appears, as Professor Crookes says, that "A true flame can be produced without chemical aid—a flame which yields light and heat without the consumption of material and without

any chemical process." Those who have studied the chemistry of the candle will appreciate what this means. To telegraph without wires, to get light without heat, to make solid walls in effect transparent—such are some of the strange possibilities after which students of electricity may now strive with fair hopes of success.

#### Novel Ventilating Apparatus.

A French electrical paper has a description of a novel electrical ventilating apparatus for supplying a building with fresh air, either warm or cold. A motor operates a ventilator, thus drawing the cold air in, but if warm air is desired, the electrical current is sent through a net-work of fine wires, which becomes highly heated. The air is drawn through this network by the ventilator and comes out as warm as furnace heat. It is claimed that the hygienic results of such an arrangement are excellent.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

#### Sunshine for Fruit.

A noted French savant has demonstrated, as the result of years of patient study, that it is not the soil but the sunlight that makes a sweet grape and a perfect fruit. This has been proven by the remarkable difference in the products of Southern France and similar temperatures where the sun does not shine so frequently. The fruits of the shady clime will be as large, as productive, and beautiful in appearance, but will not have the delicious flavor.

One reason given for this great difference is the fact that the sun's rays have a perfecting and ripening effect upon the grapes. Another is the general effect of sunshine upon all growing plants. The sunshine acts as a stimulant, an ozone, a fertilizer, an electrical life-giver to the vine. As a result it grows more thrifty and produces more perfect and uniform fruit.

All fruit-growers are aware of the benefits of close pruning to admit of the sunlight. This should not be neglected if one desires sweet, delicious fruit, because the fact remains the same in regard to peaches, pears and small fruits.

Don't huddle your trees together where the shade will make the fruits sour or tasteless, but give them room so that the sunshine may perfect and ripen them.—*Irrigation Age*.

#### Oxide of Iron and Combustion.

When oxide of iron, says an exchange, is placed in contact with timber excluded from the atmosphere and aided by a slightly increased temperature, the oxide will part with its oxygen and is converted into very finely divided particles of metallic iron, having such an affinity for oxygen that when afterward exposed to the action of the atmosphere from any cause oxygen is so rapidly absorbed that these particles become suddenly red hot, and if in sufficient quantity will produce a temperature far beyond the ignition point of dry timber. Wherever iron pipes are employed for the circulation of any heated medium, whether hot water, hot air, or steam, and the pipes allowed to become rusty, in close contact with timber, it is only necessary to suppose that under these circumstances the particles of metallic iron become exposed to the action of the atmosphere, and this may occur from the mere expansion or contraction of the pipes, in order to account for many of the fires which periodically take place at the commencement of the winter season.

#### Marvelous Electrical Exhibit.

One of the marvels of the recent electrical exposition at Frankfurt was a six-foot electric search light of 20,000 candle power. Schuckert, the Nuremberg electrician, astonished Europe in its construction. Schuckert is now at work on a larger light for the World's Fair. It will be seven and one-half feet, and of at least 25,000 candle power. The Frankfurt light could be seen plainly at Bingen on the Rhine, forty-five miles away. It is expected that the search light at the World's Fair can be seen at least sixty miles away. Electrical Engineer Sargent is making plans for a tower 300 feet high, on which the big light will be mounted. At a height of 100 feet above the ground will be two six-foot



"THE WATCH DOG OF THE BAD LANDS," NEAR MEDORA, NORTH DAKOTA.



search lights, and the three will suffice to illuminate the skies for miles around Jackson Park. Brilliant feats are accomplished with these search lights. Sheets of light can be projected with parallel, converging or diverging rays. When the rays are thrown out parallel a clearly defined sheet of flames seems to be suspended in the darkness. By changing the reflector the rays are brought to a focus at long distance from the central station. These lights, turned on the buildings and alternately shot into the heavens or out across the lake, will produce brilliant electrical effects.

#### Rest Cure for Incipient Phthisis.

Keating, in a paper read before the El Paso County Medical Society, invites criticism upon the above subject. He believes that many cases of phthisis which have a fatal ending would have recovered if given rest. He thinks it is a mistake for patients to rush madly into out-door life. He believes that a rest cure, combined with inhalation of oxygenated air, will be one of the best means to combat phthisis. He thinks at the health-resorts the cottage system should be used. This paper was discussed fully by experts, and they all agreed with the views expressed. Most speakers advised a modified rest cure, and not one carried out in all its details.—*University Medical Magazine*.

#### Time Sense in Animals.

Time sense is very highly developed in domestic fowls and many wild birds, as well as in dogs, horses and other mammals, which keep an accurate account of days of the week and hours of the day, and have, at least, a limited idea of numerical succession and logical sequence. A Polish artist, residing in Rome, had an exceedingly intelligent and faithful terrier, which, as he was obliged to go on a journey, he left with a friend, to whom the dog was warmly attached. Day and night the terrier went to the station to meet every train, carefully observing and remembering the time of their arrival, and never missing one.

Meanwhile he became so depressed that he refused to eat, and would have died of starvation, if the friend had not telegraphed to his master to return at once if he wished to find the animal alive. Here we have a striking exhibition of time sense as well as an example of all-absorbing affection and self-renunciation likely to result in suicide.

#### The Cause and the Cure.

The white efflorescence which so often disfigures our otherwise handsome brick buildings and gives to them an appearance of dilapidation not justified by their age, is said to be due to the presence of lime in the clay from which the bricks are made. Numerous remedies have been suggested, generally consisting of a kind of paint to be applied after the bricks are laid in the wall, and while generally successful in so far as they prevent the exudation of the discoloring element, do not preserve the original appearance of the wall. *Thouindustrie-Zeitung* says that where lime is the cause of the efflorescence it can be entirely prevented by dipping the bricks before burning into dilute acid. The strength of the acid should be determined by the amount of lime present in the clay, the greater the amount of lime the more dilute the acid. For ordinary clay it says a solution composed of forty quarts of water to one of hydrochloric acid is the best for the purpose and the quantity sufficient for dipping five hundred bricks, when the solution should be renewed. The bricks having been dipped and thoroughly dried in the sun are dipped and dried again just before burning. The operation only adds twelve cents a thousand to the cost of the bricks in Germany, and while the added cost would be somewhat greater in this country, the

idea would seem to be worthy of adoption by our brickmakers, who could command a moderate increase on the price of their material by guaranteeing the absence of the white coating.

#### Refrigerated Beef.

The latest development of the meat traffic is that of refrigeration; its intent and the result being to place before the consumer, almost regardless of time and space, the fresh article in all its original flavor and perfection. For this purpose refrigerator cars and steamers are employed so that the carcasses, as soon as slaughtered and dressed, are thrust into compartments where the temperature is artificially kept but about six degrees above the freezing point. This has the effect, as soon as the animal heat has been removed, to close the pores and render the meat almost entirely unsuceptible to change. Singularly enough this temperature is found very much more efficient than actual freezing, which injures the meat so that when restored to an ordinary temperature it decomposes very rapidly. Under the cold-air method of treatment, beef and other meats are not only sent across our own continent, but across the ocean to England, where they meet a very large and constantly increasing sale. The beef thus received not only reaches its destination fresh and bright, but it is said from actual experiment to keep longer in a perfect state after reaching that country than freshly killed English beef, while at the same time it can be placed on the English market and sold at a considerably less price than the British butcher can afford his own product.—*Good Housekeeping*.

#### The Twenty-four Hour System.

The common sense and scientifically reasonable movement toward the adoption of the twenty-four hour system of notation by the railways is not making the progress which was hoped. The Canadian Pacific is about the only railway company now using this plan of numbering the hours, and it has it in force only on the western half of its great transcontinental line. Responses to a recent circular of inquiry on the subject were made by only forty-nine companies, representing 41,648 miles of road, and of these, in answer to the question: "Are you in favor of the general adoption of the twenty-four o'clock system of counting the hours—abandoning the use of 'a. m.' 'p. m.'?" only thirteen, operating 8,181 miles, answered yes, and all these conditioned on the general adoption of the system; while thirty-seven members, operating 35,534 miles of road, responded in the negative. The effect of long continued custom, even when not supported by reason or judgment, is indicated in the tenacity with which people still hold to the inconvenient and misleading plan of separating the twenty-four hours into two periods divided by the middle of the day instead of counting them consecutively from midnight to midnight. Custom is the only reason that can be given for holding to this practice, as convenience, safety and economy would be promoted by abolishing the unnatural division now existing. Great reforms, however, are often slow of accomplishment and the educated and thoughtful men who have been so long advocating the adoption of the twenty-four hour plan of notation should not be discouraged, but continue to push the subject to the attention of railway managers in the hope of ultimate success.—*Railway Age*.

#### A New Standard of Measurement.

The accuracy of modern scientific processes is indicated by the proposal to employ the wave-length of light as a standard of length, says an exchange. Already light furnishes a standard of measurement in astronomy, a "light year"—that is, the distance a ray of light will travel in

the space of one year—being the unit employed in reckoning the distance of stars. But the proposed standard based upon the length of the waves of light involves an almost infinitely more delicate estimation. We may take one-fifty-thousandth of an inch as an average estimate for the length of a wave of light, but that would be true for only a particular quality of light. The color roughly indicates the wave-length. The red waves are the longest, the violet waves the shortest, and when a standard of measurement is chosen in the way suggested the length of the wave belonging to a particular kind of light, or a particular part of the spectrum, will be selected. In a lecture nine years ago Prof. G. G. Stokes said: "The French refer their yard to the length of the seconds pendulum. But supposing the earth to be slowly contracting by cooling, both these natural standards would be liable to be affected in the course of ages; and if such a catastrophe were to occur as the impact on the earth of some great globe visiting our solar system, the dimensions of the earth and value of gravity, and, accordingly, the length of the seconds pendulum, would at once be affected to an unknown degree. But the wave-length of light of a given kind would remain unchanged, and the survivors of such a catastrophe might have recourse to it to recover the ancient standard of length."

#### The Spawning of Salmon.

I have caught salmon from the Columbia River bar to the headwaters of the river, and have studied their habits and manner of spawning. They always select a shoal above a heavy rapid. Nature seems to have endowed them with that instinct. The only reason I can give for this is that they can defend the spawn bed to a better advantage than at any other place. The spawn bed is formed by scooping out a hollow place in the bed of the river, similar in shape to a gold pan, the sides being made very smooth as to admit the ova to roll to the center of the bed. The female then takes her position over the spawn bed to deposit her ova, which generally occupies from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, according to the interruptions which generally occur by the male, which often has to fight some intruder away. At times there will be three male salmon engaged in battle over one spawn bed, as there are always more males than females at the spawning grounds.

It is one of the most interesting studies that can be pursued, but in fact I do not think there are fifty fishermen on the Columbia River that have ever made it a study, hence their ignorance in regard to the supply of salmon. Perhaps if they had they would take some steps to have the three hundred machines that are now employed in destroying our salmon, in the shape of wheels, traps and seines, removed. The time is fast coming when they will have to take some action or quit fishing. There are not enough salmon allowed to reach the spawning ground to keep up the supply, and of the few that reach there, nearly thirty per cent get killed or die, especially the females.

Undoubtedly a large number of fish return to the ocean after spawning. I have caught them late in the fall returning without any ova, having examined scores of them just to satisfy my curiosity, and can demonstrate without a doubt that they were genuine Chinook salmon, not dog salmon or steel heads, as some of the fish commissioners would like us to believe. Another fact that remains to be demonstrated in regard to salmon not returning to the ocean is, why do they all disappear from the spawning grounds after the season is over. You can not find a single one remaining, unless it is a few that have not strength enough left to keep in the channel.—*Cathlamet (Or.) Gazette*.



## THE SWEET UNREST.

The fragrance of the rose's breath  
Is just as sweet, and still the dew,  
That hangs atremble to its leaf,  
Is just as fresh as once I knew.

I mourn no unreturning spring—  
No vain regrets of "might have been"  
Shall clip the force of Fancy's wing.  
What time is left to flutter in;

But, seek to speed the swift-winged days  
Spurred by the guest of unknown shores,  
Of unknown depths beyond the haze—  
Beyond the reach of sad no-mores.

L. A. OSBORNE.

## An Oregon Fish.

Oregon is productive of many remarkable things, among which may be mentioned trout. Mr. John Williamson, who is in the employ of F. M. Warren at the Cascades, has brought from that place a trout three feet in length, and weighing twelve pounds. This monster trout was captured in one of the waterwheels at the Cascades. Mr. Williamson says in all his twenty years' experience he has never seen anything to equal in size or weight the fish that has been captured.—*Portland Telegram*.

## Big Loads of Logs.

Thos. Holman is in receipt from a friend of his up in the woods of some large and handsome photographs, which, to any tenderfoot, will convey new ideas of what is done in the pinneries in the way of hauling loads of logs. One picture shows a four-horse team with a load behind it on an eight-foot sled that contained over 13,000 feet of lumber. This would strike an ordinary observer as a gigantic load, but the next picture makes it look infantile. This is a picture of an enormous load, the logs rising tier after tier and almost perpendicular at each side. In this load were over 31,000 feet.—*Fergus Falls Journal*.

## Two European Pictures.

A prosperous German residing in America writes of a recent visit to his native country, thus: "One day I saw a review of cavalry in Berlin. There were thousands of men cantering gayly along for the entertainment of the young emperor—the War Lord, as he calls himself. The next day I went into the country, and not very far from the capital I saw a sight that was pitiful enough. One woman was holding a plow, and this was being dragged through the earth by two other women and a dog harnessed together. Here, then, were two pictures—the idle horses and the idle men capering about Berlin, the women and dogs doing the work of men and horses in the country!"

## Editorial Ability.

In a recent number of the *New York Journalist* that paper takes the ground that the shears are quite as important at times as the quill. The following is what it says:

"A good many people do not know that the editor's selections from his contemporaries are quite often the best test of his editorial ability, and that the function of his scissors is not merely to fill up vacant spaces but to reproduce the brightest and best thoughts and the most attractive news from all sources at the editor's command. There are times when the editor opens his exchanges and finds a feast for eyes, heart and soul. The thoughts of his contemporaries

glow with life. He wishes his readers to enjoy the feast, and he lovingly takes up his scissors and clips and clips, and sighs to think that his space cannot contain all the treasures so prodigiously spread before him. Your true editor is generous, and will sacrifice his own ambition as a writer during such festal occasions, and it is of far more profit to his readers to set before them the original dish of dainties with the label of the real author affixed, than to appropriate its best thoughts to himself and reproduce them as his own. After all the true test of a newspaper's real value is not the amount of original matter it contains, but the average quality of all the matter appearing in its columns whether original or selected."

## The Universal Force.

Nearly all scientists now regard heat, light, magnetism and electricity as different manifestations of the same elementary forces, says a writer in the *Nineteenth Century*. Owing, however, to the forces being in every possible direction they neutralize each other, and no result of them is perceptible to our senses; but if ever we discover how to so direct their courses as to send the majority of them in the same direction we shall have at our disposal forces as much exceeding any we are now acquainted with as the blow struck by a bullet exceeds the force required to pull the trigger of a gun. In fact, as Mr. Tesla put it in his lecture, "We shall then hook our machinery on to the machinery of nature."

## An Underground Lake.

"The 'whirligig,' or hydraulic artesian well-boring machine on the Moxee, has been temporarily stopped, says the *Yakima Herald*, awaiting the arrival of 750 feet of one and one-half inch pipe. The power is hardly sufficient to bore a larger hole at the depth attained. It has demonstrated one fact pretty conclusively, however, and that is that the artesian basin does not follow the contour of the surface of the country, for this well has already attained a depth nearly 200 feet lower than that at which flowing water was struck in the Yakima Land Company's wells Nos. one and two.

Mr. Starrow has joined Professor Russell's geological party in the investigation of artesian strata, and several more members of the geological corps are expected here in a few days, this section being looked upon as a rich field for investigation. Professor Russell is fully convinced that there is a lake bed under the Moxee country, and his efforts are now being directed to learning its extent. It is believed that the lake is an immense one, extending into Kittitas County and up through the Big Bend to Spokane, but that, owing to one of the great upheavals of nature, it has been shattered and divisions created by means of huge walls thrown up, and that it is owing to this that the sinking of wells does not uniformly result in the securing of artesian water.

## The Russet Orange.

The russet orange is made so by a minute insect, which comes at certain times during the summer months in such vast numbers as to give a grove the appearance of being covered with brown dust. A magnifying glass shows this insect to possess a bill-like proboscis, with which it punctures the oil cells of the orange skin and causes the oil to exude, which becomes oxidized on the surface and discolours it. It acts much upon the rind of the orange as tanning upon leather, making it thinner and tougher.

It is a mistake to say they select only the "sweet fruit," for they cover an entire grove, both fruit and foliage.

Some hold the theory that as they destroy the oil cells of the rind the formation of oil ceases and the food is made richer and sweeter in con-

sequence. Sometimes orange growers spray their trees with a mixture that destroys the insects, but it was found that the russet orange shipped so much better and was so much finer in quality that they have abandoned it. The hammock and Indian River fruit is seldom attacked by the rust mite, hence it is not so durable for shipping, the skin being very tender.—*New York Evening Post*.

## A Big "Potlatch."

A real old-fashioned "potlatch" was celebrated in the vicinity of Hangman Creek yesterday by representatives of the tribes of aborigines. The free-hearted Coeur d'Alenes, after receiving their money from Uncle Sam, and after providing themselves with all the necessities of life, from red ochre to a horse and buggy, resolved to give their friends, the Spokanes, the benefit of some of the remaining sous in their possession. So they held a "potlatch" yesterday and spent the day with their old allies, the Spokanes, eating and drinking and donating presents. The squaws were rigged out in all their fineries and vied with each other in the amount of painting patched on their features. The calumet went around again and again, and the oath of fealty between the two tribes was renewed. The "potlatch" festivities will continue for a day or two.—*Spokane Review*.

## The Other war.

In a county of Eastern Minnesota, writes Royal Hubbell to Kate Field's *Washington*, there lives one August Peterson, who has attained to the ripe old age of one hundred and six years. Having outlived all his relatives and early friends he has, for many years, been a protege of the county. The poorhouse being too small to accommodate all the needy ones, Mr. Peterson, with many others, was farmed out to families that received so much per month to pay for their keeping. Recently, however, the old poorhouse was destroyed by fire, and replaced by a capacious modern building, which would accommodate all. When changed to his new home, the old gentleman was treated to a nice warm bath.

"My sakes, but that feels good," he said. "It's the fust bath I've hed sence the war, when I were in the hospital."

"So you was in the rebellion, was you?" asked the attendant.

"The repaylion?" asked the centenarian, in mild surprise. "Bless ye, no, sir; not that war—the other one in 1812."

And he looked at the fifty-year-old man with an injured but compassionate air, as though he pitied but pardoned his youthful verdancy.

## The First Kiss.

Some moments in this life of ours,  
Are filled with deepest pleasure.  
Happy is he whose heart has found  
Life's noblest, purest treasure.

Something unusual in a wedding ceremony occurred this morning. Rather a good looking young fellow, hailing from one of the largest cities on Puget Sound, came down to Olympia this morning to be married. He entered the house of a clergyman, accompanied by his intended bride. His face was beaming with a thousand smiles that flitted lightly to and fro about his countenance. She so beautiful, though like a woman, a trifle timid, stood by his side. No one could doubt that sweet look, such an expression, full of peace and new joy. It would come to the surface in spite of efforts to submerge it. The minister on the joyous occasion was too full of happiness to speak. The service had proceeded but a short time when an interruption occurred. Something was agitating the groom's face, there was no doubt of it. Suddenly thrusting his hand in his hip pocket and pulling out a big six-shooter he remarked in a manner





CAUGHT ON THE BRULE RIVER, WISCONSIN.

far from jesting: "I don't know how you people have been raised, but I understand it is the fashion these days, and I suppose that this here thing called society is the cause of it, that a minister has the first kiss from the bride; but I'll be jiggered if it is going to happen this time; do you see?" The minister was nonplussed for a moment, but in a jiffy there was a mutual understanding all around, and after the ceremony was completed and they were one, the groom tenderly kissed his darling, his beloved, his new found joy and prize, and turning to the minister and witnesses, his voice full of that expression known only to those of you who have been there, said: "Boys, I believe in a man having his rights; that is all I want, and I invite you all to come and kiss her. That's my style."—*Olympia Tribune*.

#### About Naming Children.

Give a boy a good, square, honest name, that he is not going to be ashamed of; a name that will fit a man and not a dude. Name him John, and the friends who like him will call him Jack, and the chances are ten to one he will be big of body, clean of mind, and a good fellow all around. Name him Samuel; but don't let any one degrade him by calling him Sammie. Sam's a good, square name, rather suggests a fellow who is fond of good eating and drinking, with a veritable weakness for anything in petticoats. But that's all right. Name him James—that's a good name. Somehow, if you are a woman, you love a man by that name. I think that is part of the magnetism of Mr. Blaine.

But men's names are not such dreadful misfits as are women's. They get all out of the way. You know Roses who are as yellow as lemons; Lillies who are freckled and spotted—probably they represent the Japanese variety. Haven't you met Belles who received attention from no man, and who were unhappy wall flowers? Haven't you met Bessies who were not coquettish and dimpled? Dear! One could keep on forever showing what misfits names are. But one name above all others is oftenest given to women and least suits them; that is Mary. To every one of us it means a devoted mother, and how many women

are devoted mothers? Every way you turn the name it has a sweet sound—as Minnie, it is a dimpled schoolgirl; as Molly, a merry maiden; as Mamie, it really means, "My soul," and tells that the bearer has somebody very near her, to whom she means everything. Evidently I am well-named, for I like to talk.—*Er*.

#### Teaching the Raw Recruit.

Everybody in the national guard of Pennsylvania knows what a strict disciplinarian James A. Beaver was when he was Governor. Austin Curtin, who is from his native town, told me this reminiscence about him at the Coleman House, the other day: "While Beaver was lieutenant-colonel of the Forty-fifth Regiment he was sitting in front of his tent one day when a slovenly soldier with a badly fitting uniform lounged up and asked:

"Vere ish dey doctor?"

"Sir, is that the way you address a superior officer," roared Colonel Beaver.

The German stared at him in amazement without saying a single word.

Then Colonel Beaver said:

"Take this chair, sir, and I will show you how to address an officer."

"An' me vas der boss of der regiment?"

"Yes, sit here and I will show you how to act."

The new recruit sat down in Beaver's seat and the colonel walked off a few paces, turned about, returned to a position in front of his temporary substitute, wheeled around and making a military salute inquired:

"Colonel, can you inform me where I can find the surgeon of the regiment?"

The recruit arose and looking seriously at Beaver replied: "D—— if I know where he is."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

#### A Short Sermon to Young Men.

The call of the nation to-day is for men; and when I speak of men I refer to them as clearly and broadly distinguished from the paltry counterfeits, the petty shuttle-cocks, the supple-kneed sycophants, the pert and pretentious coxcombs, the human nonentities, who are

but drones in this great world hive of ours. I mean men of iron mould and dauntless purpose, who grasp not after baubles, who bow not at the venal shrine of a false and prostituted "public opinion"—men whose souls are not intoxicated by shallow draughts from the beaker of success, and who do not shrivel in the first heats of disappointment—men whose spirits rise as adversities thicken, acquire fresh courage and sterner resolve with each succeeding failure, confront new perils and difficulties, new foes and trials, with unquailing front—men who gather to their hearts more of the light and essence of heaven as the world glowers and glooms around them. The age has had enough of tinsel, is sick of a surfeiting overdose of spurious heroes and wretched charlatans, and the pure gold, the refined gold, the gold without discount or alloy, must ring in the manhood of him who seeks and yearns to fulfil its mighty requisitions now. Action—fearless, unselfish, discriminating action—which spurns the shackles of a gross conventionalty and scorns to follow in the same dead, dreary, beaten track, in whose dust and glare gainless millions have grovelled wearily on before, must be the test of this golden purity, the standard of this high manhood's trial. How many of the young men of to-day are destined to make their mark in this world, or to leave behind them the record of useful lives with no shame to remember, no wish to forget? Think of this, young men, and let your aim be high. Proficiency in the German or at whist, fondness for music and the frivolities of fashionable life, will not qualify you for the position when men such as I have described are called for. There may be mountains in your pathway, but you will discover that with no more certainty do the recurrent waves wear away by ceaseless buffetings and gradual encroachments the granite of their rocky shores than do persistent effort and unswerving perseverance, when sustained by calmness, probity and intelligence, wear away the rough places in life. There is no genius like the genius of labor. There is no reward like that which comes from energy, system, and perseverance.

R. W. JOHNSON.



Entered for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

E. V. SMALEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

#### BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is published in St. Paul, Minn., on the first of each month.

ST. PAUL OFFICES: Mannheim Block, Third and Minnesota Streets.

BRANCH OFFICES: Chicago, 210 S. Clark St. New York, Mills Building, 15 Broad Street.

THE TRADE is supplied from the St. Paul office of THE NORTHWEST, and also by the American News Company, New York, and the Minnesota News Company, St. Paul.

ADVERTISING RATES: Per agate line display, 25 cents; per inch, \$1.50. Discounts for time contracts. Reading notices, 50 cents per line count.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$2 a year; in advance.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS can commence at any time during the year.

THE POSTAGE to all parts of the United States and Canada is paid by the publisher. Subscribers in Europe should remit fifty cents in addition for ocean postage.

PAYMENT FOR THE NORTHWEST, when sent by mail, should be made in a Post-office Money Order, Bank Check or Draft, or an Express Money Order. When neither of these can be procured, send the money in a Registered Letter. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so.

DISCONTINUANCES.—Remember that the publisher must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his magazine stopped. All arrears must be paid. ALL LETTERS should be addressed to

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE,  
ST. PAUL, MINN.

ST. PAUL, JULY, 1892.

#### MINNEAPOLIS MILLING IN PERIL.

According to the testimony of Chas. A. Pillsbury and other millers before the Inter-State Railway Commission, the whole business of milling in Minneapolis is in grave peril and is likely to be ruined by the competition of Duluth, which pays no more for wheat and saves on the transportation of flour to Eastern Markets the cost of the rail haul from Minneapolis to the head of Lake Superior. Duluth's advantage is said to be equal to fifteen cents a barrel, which the Minneapolis millers testified is more than they are now making. They declare that they have been running their mills at a loss for the past year. To put them on a parity with the Duluth millers they must either get their wheat about seven cents cheaper per bushel than Duluth or else the total freight charge on flour from Minneapolis to Duluth must somehow be wiped out.

It appears that the controlling factor in making wheat rates from the harvest fields of the Northwest is the Northern Pacific Railroad, which has a line to Duluth from important points in Northern Minnesota and North Dakota of the same length of its line to Minneapolis. Consequently it charges the same rate to the two points. The Duluth miller pays exactly the same price for his wheat that the Minneapolis miller pays, but when the former gets it ground into flour he loads the flour directly upon lake steamers at his own dock, whereas the Minneapolis miller must ship the flour 150 miles by rail and then transfer it to the vessel. The chief competitor of the Northern Pacific is the Great Northern. Its line to Duluth is considerably longer than its line to Minneapolis, but it must make the same rate as its rival or it would get no grain to haul from competitive points in the two hard wheat States. The policy of these two roads is followed by the Soo, the Milwaukee, the Northwestern and the Minneapolis & St. Louis, which penetrate much good wheat country in

Western Minnesota and the two Dakotas. They will all haul to the lake as cheaply as to Minneapolis.

It would be useless for the millers of Minneapolis to insist that the Northern Pacific shall charge more for the carriage of wheat to Duluth than to their own city, the distance being the same. They appear to realize this and their strong plea before the commission was that they should be helped to get the grain from their own territory, in the region lying much nearer to them than to Duluth, at a lower rate than is charged for hauling it past their very doors to the mills of their competitors at the head of the lake. This seems to be reasonable, but whether the commission can give them any real aid remains to be seen. It would be a great pity if an industry in which seven millions of capital has been invested and which employs many thousands of people should be destined to ruin by injurious competition. Flour milling is the backbone industry of Minneapolis, making it the greatest original wheat market in America and bringing to it millions of dollars of wealth every year. Its destruction would injure all interests in the city and put an immediate stop to its career of growth and prosperity. The Minneapolis millers have foreseen this peril for many years and for ten years not a single new mill has been erected, although the old ones have been pushed to greater and greater capacity. Now they regard the danger as upon them and they are arousing themselves to special exertions to protect their interests.

#### IN NORTH DAKOTA.

The following information was gathered by the editor of THE NORTHWEST in the course of a tour through seven counties in North Dakota made in the latter part of June.

The growing grain is everywhere looking remarkably well, the plants having struck deep roots into the soil and showing a fine, healthy appearance. While seeding was much delayed by the frequent rains, the growth, under the combined influence of warm sunshine alternating with heavy showers, has been phenomenally rapid. The acreage sown in wheat was about one-fifth less than that of last year, but more rye, barley and oats were put in, so that the total grain yield, if the present excellent conditions continue, will not fall much below that of the great harvest of 1891.

Probably one-sixth of the huge crop of last year was not threshed at the time winter set in, on account of the lack of men and machinery to do the work. Much of the unthreshed wheat was safely stacked, but a great deal remained in the shocks in the fields. The rainy spring led the farmers to think that all grain in the shock would be rained. To their surprise and delight they have discovered during the past few weeks that North Dakota hard wheat stands a great deal of moisture without damage and they have been threshing out many thousands of bushels from the neglected shocks as well as from the stacks. In fact, the grain in badly made stacks has suffered more than that in the shocks where the winds dried the dampness out after each rainfall. The returns from the sale of the wheat obtained by shock threshing in May and June have given the farmers an unlooked for source of revenue. An instance showing what unexpected wealth has been threshed out of the weather-beaten shocks was given the writer in Jamestown. A farmer near Pingree station, on the Jamestown & Northern Railroad, had a field in shock on which the wild geese had fattened on their journeys South last fall and North last spring, and where the jack-rabbits had feasted all winter; yet he threshed from that field twenty-three bushels of good wheat to the acre.

Land is still very low in price outside of the

Red River Valley, where comparatively long settlement and continuous years of good crops, or at the worst fairly remunerative crops, have led owners to put something like an adequate value on their holdings. In the counties further west, new people are coming in and old settlers are buying more land, so that there begins to be a movement in realty. A good many tracts have been sold lately at prices ranging from \$4 to \$8 an acre for wild land to from \$6 to \$10 for tracts on which some breaking and cultivation has been done.

The new immigration of the present year is nearly all of foreign origin and consists of Scandinavians, who have already relatives established in the country, and of German Russians, who flee from the dominions of the Czar to escape military conscription. The latter element has been strong for several years in South Dakota and is now appearing in formidable numbers in the North State. It has worked west as far as Dickinson. Near that town, on the Green and Heart rivers, some fifty or sixty families have settled this season, taking up homestead claims.

Among the towns Grand Forks shows the most new growth, though all the towns are cheerful and reasonably prosperous, all classes of business men feeling confident that the State is at the beginning of a new career of solid development. The secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of Grand Forks writes: "I suppose it is within the bounds of truth to say that Grand Forks is growing more rapidly than any town of its size in the Western country. We are now, however, considerably troubled over the labor situation and lack of carpenters for building. We have not one-half enough and contractors are reluctant about taking more work. As to the crop prospects, it looks as though we were going to duplicate or even exceed our great crop of last year."

#### OPPORTUNITIES IN THE NORTHWEST.

It is a mistake to suppose that because the speculative period is over in the new Northwestern States there are no longer good opportunities for new settlers. The epoch of rapid railroad building and town-building in new countries is always a lively and exciting time, and it appears to be a great money-making time. When it is over a few people are found to have realized large profits from the rapid rise in value of lands and town-lots, but fortunes thus accumulated are rarely long retained. The lucky speculators are usually caught in the reaction, which is as necessary a sequence to the era of rapid expansion as the ebb tide is to the flood. The mass of new settlers, however, do not participate in the easily gained wealth. They are obliged to spend most of the money they brought with them to get a start and they have no margin for purely speculative investments. They plod along on farms or in mines, or in lumber camps or in stores or at the trades and professions. All this time, they are laying the foundations of lasting prosperity; they are exploiting the real, durable wealth-producing forces of the country. These steady-going people are joined, when so-called dull times come, by a considerable number of former speculators, whose occupation is gone and who are forced to look for some regular, paying business. Among this class there are always a few men who have saved their profits and are prepared to put them into solid enterprises. The boom period is sure to be followed by one of quiet, persistent energy in what might be called stable development work. Many resources that were overlooked in the feverish haste to make money by quick and easy methods are now discovered. All lines of trade are diligently cultivated. With the aid of raw material, waterpowers and a home market many



manufacturing enterprises find a solid foothold. More careful methods are applied to farming. New mines are opened in the precious metal districts. In a few years the people realize that the country has greatly profited by the cessation of the speculative fever.

This period of substantial growth opens avenues to the new settler for the lucrative employment of his capital and talents which were obscured in the excitement of the boom. He is pretty sure to make no mistakes. Nobody is pulling and hauling him about to persuade him to put his money into this or that scheme in which large gains are promised on paper. He is free to exercise his own judgment and to find a fair field for his own special talents and acquirements. He is not long in learning that there are just as fertile lands to be tilled as those already occupied; just as good mines to be opened as those already secured. The new States of the Northwest are now receiving this class of later immigrants, who do not rely on the hurrah and hullabaloo of a first rush to afford them chances for making money; who calculate carefully in advance; who take something with them to tide them over the time when they are looking about and who are stayers when they once settle. People who join this present movement will find themselves in good company and they will have only themselves to blame if they do not open a path to prosperity. With only 250,000 people in the vast prairie State of North Dakota, only 200,000 in the superb mining and grazing State of Montana, and only 400,000 in that wonderful State of varied resources, Washington, which fronts the Pacific Ocean and reaches to the Rockies, the Northwest cannot be said to be full. It is not new now in the sense of being in the raw formative stage, but it is very new so far as concerns opportunities for new settlement and new enterprise.

#### AN INTERESTING ENTERPRISE.

The new town of South Bend, on the Willapa River, near the bay of the same name, in the State of Washington, came into existence a year ago last fall and grew with great rapidity. Its prosperity was based on a good harbor with a deep water entrance from the Pacific Ocean, on a railroad begun to connect it with the Northern Pacific, and on various resources in the adjacent country. The railroad, it was believed, would bring coal and wheat from the interior and the good harbor would attract shipping from all parts of the world. On the strength of these manifest advantages some fifteen hundred people hastened to make their homes in the place and to build houses, stores and shops. The conformation of the town site is such that the only level ground consists of tide flats close to the river. Hemming in these flats are fir-clad hills, not too abrupt for residence sites but quite unavailable for business streets. The first streets were there-

fore plank causeways across the tide marsh, and the buildings were placed upon stilts. Most new towns would have rested for years on this condition of things, but fortunately for the future of South Bend the settlers were for the most part people of energy and intelligence. A new invention for dredging the beds of rivers, called the Bowers dredge, was in successful operation at Tacoma, where it was making many acres of solid ground for railway yards with sand and silt sucked up from the bed of a bay and river. The South Bend people, seeing this work go on, conceived the magnificent plan of raising the level of the business district of their town three feet with material taken from the bottom of their own river. This operation would serve the double purpose of giving them solid streets and building sites and of deepening the channel of the Willapa so that large ocean steamers and sailing vessels could lie at wharves along the whole water front of the town.

A year ago the Bowers dredge, having finished its work at Tacoma, was brought around by sea and set to work. The results have been very satisfactory, the nature of the material transferred being such as to make a solid foundation of mixed clay and sand, which forms a smooth, dry, hard surface. Another year will be required to complete the work and the cost will be \$400,000, which is paid by the lot holders benefited. The cost of raising each lot of twenty-five feet front is about \$300. A local paper very justly remarks, in concluding an account of this interesting undertaking, that "It will be a monument to the sagacity and enterprise of the people of South Bend." We know of no other instance where a town of the population and extreme youth of South Bend has started and carried to completion a public work of such magnitude.

OUR Western silver mine owners will be interested to learn of the remarkable gold discoveries made last winter by English explorers in Mashonaland, South Africa. If these new gold fields prove as rich as they promise their effect will be to restore the old relation between the two precious metals which the moderate production of gold and the heavy production of silver in the world at large has greatly disturbed in recent years. Mashonaland lies west and north of the Orange Free State and is about 600 miles inland from the Pacific Coast of Africa. The explorers find numerous abandoned workings of old quartz mines which are evidently of great antiquity and they conjecture that this is the Land of Ophir to which Solomon sent for gold.

A POINT FOR TOBACCO GROWERS.—Among the new "plants" needed in this vicinity are tobacco plants, and they will thrive and make rich those who start them. The soil and climate grow tobacco equal to the best in the world.—*Everett Herald*.

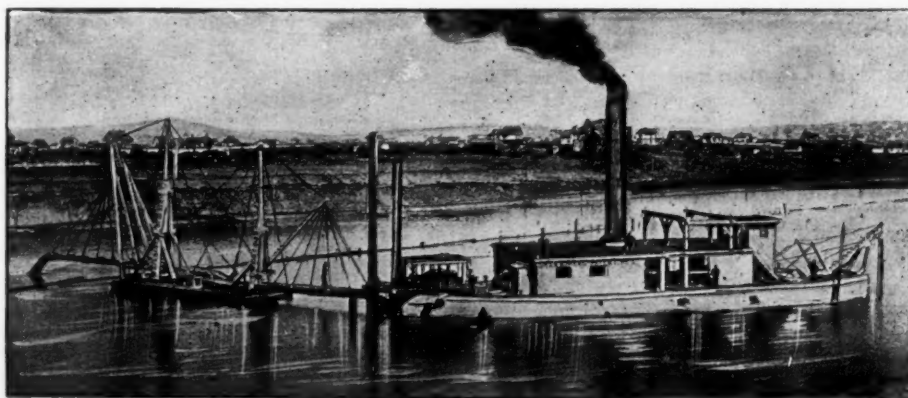


THE exhibition car of the Oregon Immigration Board, named "Oregon on Wheels," lately returned home to Portland after a noteworthy tour embracing twenty-four States, during which the car was handled by thirty different railroads, and travelled about eleven thousand miles and was visited by 243,675 people. The car was in charge of Major Edward A. Weed, an intelligent and tireless enthusiast on the resources and attractions of the Webfoot State. The work of the car will bear immediate fruits in the immigration to Oregon of a great many substantial families from the places it visited.

AT a banquet given by the Sons of the American Revolution last month I found as my neighbor on one side a successful physician who is at the head of a great institution. He said that the progress of medical science is in the direction of placing less and less reliance on drugs. One-third of all the people who consult doctors, he added, would get well without any medical advice; another third need the moral support of a physician only, and the other third are benefitted by a little medicine. "If I had a fortune," my neighbor went on to say, "I would devote my time to showing people how to live without doctors."

MY venerable and highly conservative friend, Dr. David Day, said to me the other day, "If Horace Greeley had used a typewriter to write his editorials the world would never have heard of him. Fortunately for his fame the writing machine was not invented in his day." The doctor went on to generalize on the influence of machinery in taking individuality out of people. I am afraid he is right, to some extent at least. I see a lot of young fellows in the banks and stores of my city who look so much alike that I can't tell one from another. They are all undersized and all have little moustaches and hair parted in the same way. As to the type-writer, probably its effect is to modify if not to destroy individuality of style. I have used the clattering little contrivance for nearly ten years and I know I used to do better work with the pen than I now do. Yet it is very convenient just to strike the keys and have the machine do the rest, turning out line after line of clean, plain copy, instead of the dreadful manuscript I formerly produced for the torment of printers.

Is not the tendency of most machinery to limit intellectual development, or at least to narrow it down so that it runs in ruts? Can the man who feeds pieces of leather into a machine which makes only one part of a shoe gain from his occupation as much brain force as the shoemaker of other times had, who fashioned the whole shoe with hammer and awl and lapstone? Most mechanics nowadays merely put together things furnished ready-made from the factories. The wagon-maker does not make wagons, but buys wheels, shafts and every bolt and nut. The harness-maker is nothing but a mender of harness and the carpenter can scarcely plane a board or make a mortise and tenon. The farmer rides over his fields on machines that plow, sow, reap and mow. There is no longer room for individual skill and ingenuity. The champion mower of the township is now a tradition of the older men.



BOWERS' DREDGE AT WORK AT SOUTH BEND, WASH.

Nowadays it is the best machine and not the best man, in farming and in the mechanical trades, that gains a reputation. We live in an age of cogwheels, pinions and levers, and the man becomes an attachment of the apparatus. That this condition of things should fail to produce a result on human character is not to be supposed. People will inevitably grow more alike, talking and thinking alike and diverging less from the average type of their special trades and professions.

WHOEVER has occasion to drive much about the streets of a city like St. Paul soon learns that a multitude of his fellow citizens regard the roadways as belonging to pedestrians and look upon all vehicles as intruders having no rights. They saunter over the crossings carelessly and leisurely and force the teams to dodge them. Some men, and even some women, stop to gossip in the middle of a frequented thoroughfare. Many purposely slacken their pace as if to annoy all who drive instead of walk. They seem to bear a grudge against the more fortunate part of mankind that travel on wheels instead of on sole leather. These look up at you in a defiant and sullen way, as though they dared you to run into them, and would gladly suffer personal injury for the chance of bringing a suit for damages. Then there are the great army of fools whom a kind Providence appears to care for and who are evidently not able to take care of themselves—the women who cross in front of spirited teams, never looking to the right or the left; the nurses who wheel baby carriages through a tangle of moving vehicles; the children who dash out in mid-street just in front of the horses' heads, and the men who will not wait a second at a crossing but trust to luck to get over safely. To avoid collisions with these people requires a quick eye, a firm hand on the reins, and good nerves.

A MIXTURE of scenic photographs kindly sent in by friends from various places led us into the error, in our May number, of locating Cannon Rock in South Dakota. This curious rock is about two miles south of Medora, North Dakota, and is not far from the "Watch-dog of the Bad Lands," and the "Maiden of the Bad Lands," eccentric formations which attract the attention of tourists. This correction, for which we are indebted to James W. Foley, of Medora, leads us to say that the Bad Lands are not nearly as much visited as they merit to be. The region is a veritable harvest field of petrifications and fossils and a wonderful jumble of geology. As a field for a summer outing by college men and others scientifically inclined it cannot be excelled in interest. The so-called "Burning Mine" is a special attraction. This is no mine, for it was never opened by man; it is a great crevice in the ground at the bottom of which the lignite coal is burning and has been burning, probably, from some early age when subterranean fires ravaged the whole region, producing the red scoria which now caps many of the buttes and is scattered over the hill-sides and valleys. This is certainly a great natural curiosity, but it is not nearly as famous now as it was ten years ago, when the railroad first reached the Bad Lands. At present tourists all rush on to the Yellowstone Park, careless of all attractions that are passed on the way.

NOTHING could more forcibly emphasize the need of the adoption in Minnesota of the Torrans title system, by which the State grants and warrants all real estate titles, than the suit recently begun in our courts for the possession of a large part of the ground in what is known as the Midway District, lying between the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis. In that district 160 acres of land were originally taken up with a soldier's land-warrant. These warrants issued as a bounty

for service in the Mexican War; they were transferable, and this particular certificate found its way into the hands of an early settler in St. Paul, who converted it into the land in question. The tract was subdivided and sold and resold many times. Upon it are now located factories, railway yards, stockyards and hundreds of homes. It is now claimed by lawyers who are on the watch for chances to invalidate land titles that the soldier's widow to whom the land warrant was originally issued had no right to sell it because she had children, who were entitled to an interest in it. The warrant is held to have been real property prior to its surrender for a definite tract of land. On the other side it is maintained that it was personal property, which the widow had a right to dispose of for her own benefit. Thus arises a suit involving the title to about \$3,000,000 of property, which the heirs of the soldier now claim as their share of an inheritance coming from a land warrant that was originally sold for about two hundred dollars. Under the Torrans system such a suit would be impossible. The State would have investigated and guaranteed the title long ago, and it would be useless to attack it. However, under such a system there would be no fat fees for lawyers who try to deprive innocent people of their homes and their savings by trumped up claims and pretenses of a flaw in the title.

A BANKER from Eureka, South Dakota, who called at the office of THE NORTHWEST lately gave much interesting information about the remarkable movement of German-Russian immigrants who are filling up the four or five counties in that State and invading the adjacent counties of North Dakota in their search for free homestead lands. He loans them money to make a start with on the prairies and finds them to be strictly honest people. They are so thrifty and industrious that even when they come with hardly enough money to buy a yoke of oxen, a plough and a wagon, they are pretty sure to have a well-stocked and well-tilled farm in three or four years. Eureka is the point where they leave the railroad. Most of them buy their outfits at that place. The banker said that when they buy a wagon they have the words "gee," "haw" and "whoa" painted on the box so they shall not forget them. Their own terms for these necessary directions to the cattle are "hup," "hee" and "b-r-r-r," which would be incomprehensible to the American beasts. They build substantial houses of sod, plastered with white clay inside and out and roofed with sods and gravel, resting on stout poles. The plains of the Dakotas resemble the steppes of Southern Russia, from which these people come, and they readily make themselves at home in their new habitat.

LAST summer the Historical and Scientific Society of Manitoba, by the generosity of the Countess of Selkirk, who contributed money for the purpose, erected a monument to commemorate one of the most interesting and tragic events in the early history of the British Northwest—the fight or rather massacre at Seven Oaks, within the boundaries of the present city of Winnipeg, on June 19, 1815, in which Governor Semple and twenty-three officers and men of the Selkirk Colony were killed by employees of the Northwestern Fur Company. The society has just issued a pamphlet giving an account of the affair at Seven Oaks and containing also the proceedings at the unveiling of the monument. Briefly rehearsed, the story of the tragedy is as follows: The Northwestern company, a Montreal corporation, claimed the exclusive right to trade with the Indians in the Red River Country, and erected a fort called Gibraltar at the junction of the Assiniboine with the Red River. The Earl of Selkirk obtained from the Hudson's Bay

Company, which claimed jurisdiction over the entire region, a grant of 116,000 acres of land in the valley on condition of planting a colony. He sent out a number of Scotch colonists in 1812, who built Fort Douglas, within sight of Fort Gibraltar. From the quarrels which grew out of the rivalry and jealousy of the two parties resulted the slaughter at Seven Oaks, where the Selkirk party was almost exterminated. Only one Nor'wester was killed and only seven of the Selkirk party escaped with their lives, out of thirty engaged in the battle. The Historical and Scientific Society is doing excellent work on both the lines indicated by its name. One of its late publications is a lecture by Dr. George Bryce on the older geology of the Red and Assiniboine valleys.

A CITIZEN of Jamestown on whom I called lately has the land in front of his dooryard fence planted to potatoes, thus cultivating the ground in the street, where the sidewalk ought to be. I asked him the reason for this strange proceeding. "I am taking the Indian out of the soil so it will grow trees," he replied. "There is no use in trying to raise trees on these Dakota prairies until you get the Indian out of the land." "What do you mean by 'the Indian'?" I enquired. "Well, I hardly know myself," he said, "but there is a certain savage quality in lands over which the Indians formerly roamed which escapes all chemical analysis, but which is a real thing. Three or four years of tillage are required to civilize the soil so that box alders and other trees will flourish."

ONE of the North Dakota judges told me in Valley City last month that all the farmers in that State pay ten per cent additional for their machinery on account of the dishonest exemption laws which make the collection of debts almost impossible unless secured by chattel mortgage. The manufacturers add ten per cent, he said, to their prices in States where such laws prevail, over their current prices in States which do not encourage the defrauding of creditors. Thus the short-sighted farmer legislators over-reach themselves in their attempts to over-reach the people who trust them. The judge went on to say that he had been informed by manufacturers of reapers and mowers that they could make money selling their machinery at half the present prices if they could get cash for it at the factory doors.

SPEAKING of the participation of the Scandinavians in North Dakota in Farmers' Alliance and People's Party movements denouncing railroads, banks and money lenders, an editor said to me on the cars west of Mandan: "These Scandinavians come into the country with nothing. Sometimes their passage tickets are paid for by their friends. After they have been here a few years they own farms, cattle, horses, wagons, machinery and household furniture. Then they hold conventions and pass resolutions to the effect that somebody has been robbing them."

MINNEAPOLIS gained much credit by the efficient manner in which it cared for the great National Republican Convention that met there last month. The Exposition building was remodeled so as to make an immense auditorium, surrounded by broad corridors and approached from four sides by numerous wide stairways. Here eleven thousand people were shown to seats with as little confusion or crowding as is experienced at a well-managed theater. After adjournments the whole building was emptied in five minutes. The acoustic properties of the auditorium were so excellent that any speaker with a fairly good voice could make himself distinctly heard in the farthest corners of the room. The force of telegraphic correspondents of the daily papers,



numbering about three hundred men, were unanimous in saying that they had never been so comfortably cared for at any previous convention. They had a big office building fitted up as a temporary hotel all to themselves, and every man had a room and a good bed. So ample were the provisions of the local executive committee for lodging visitors that fully ten thousand people more than came could have been taken care of. The event demonstrated that either of the Twin Cities can now, so far as bed and board are concerned, handle the largest gatherings that assemble in the United States, and that Minneapolis has in her Exposition auditorium the biggest and best convention hall in the country.

IN the great phalanx of newspaper workers who came to the Republican National Convention in Minneapolis was the man who sent the first regular telegraphic dispatches to any American paper—William B. Shaw, widely known as the Nestor of the Washington correspondents. Shaw represented the New York *Herald* at the capital when Morse got his wires into shape for business, and he was instructed by James Gordon Bennett to telegraph not exceeding ten lines of matter every evening. This was prefixed to a letter mailed in the morning so that the letter would appear to be part of the dispatch. No other New York daily used the wires at that time. The tolls from Washington to New York were ten cents a word. Among the St. Paul journalists who met Shaw at the reception given by the Press Club to the visiting correspondents was David Ramaley, who remarked that when working as a printer on the *Pittsburg Gazette* he put in type the first telegraphic news that came to that paper. The lives of these two men, who thus met by fortunate chance, have spanned the whole period of the existence of the telegraph as a news conveyor and of the modern newspaper, which would be impossible without the electric wires.

THE assessors' lists of personal property, such as are sent out by law in Minnesota for good citizens to fill up, make oath to and return, are curiosities of stupid legislation. For instance, while household and office furniture is lumped together in one item, a separate statement must be made of watches and clocks. In olden times the possession of a time piece implied wealth and luxury, for such things were costly, and the laws of most States made special inquisition to discover and tax them; but now, when a watch can be bought for five dollars and a clock for one dollar, what is the sense in requiring people to swear to the exact number in their possession? A certain citizen of St. Paul has two carved chests in his hall that cost \$700 apiece and his buffet represents at least a thousand dollars; yet these things are not listed separately. Nor are paintings which are, if at all good, the most expensive luxuries a man can own. Melodeons, organs and pianos must, however, go down by themselves on the list. Plated ware, now very cheap, is taxed separately, but fine porcelain and cut glass, which are much more expensive luxuries, are not. Sewing and knitting machines must be returned, but there is no item for typewriters. Strict compliance with the law requires that a man shall enumerate his wife's diamond engagement ring, but he need say nothing about her \$500 sealskin cloak. The fact is our assessment laws are antiquated and should receive a thorough overhauling.

COL. GEO. H. ELLSBURY writes to THE NORTHWEST from Centralia, Washington, as follows concerning the new Mineral Creek mining district: The trail being cut through the timber on the ridge from this city to the mines is completed within six miles of the mines. A telegraph line is nearly finished by way of Tilton

River—another way of reaching the mining district. People are going to the mines from all the mining States and Territories, and already they have quite a camp there. Mineral City, Contact City and Tilton Rapids are new towns springing up in that country.

A WELL-ESTABLISHED daily newspaper in a Montana town of 10,000 inhabitants is for sale, the owner having other business which takes much of his time. The paper owns the Associated Press franchise and is printed in a building of its own. THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE will furnish particulars.

#### EASTERN WASHINGTON FOR HOMES.

"Westward the star of empire takes its way." When the fertile prairies of Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota and Eastern Kansas and Nebraska were all occupied, and homeseekers had to look out on the Great American Desert of former years, the prospect was rather discouraging. The resources of the great Northwest were but little known. Government surveyors reported Eastern Washington of little value. But experiments in a small way with grain and fruit at the forts and Indian missions always gave surprising results. The yield was uniformly large and quality excellent, both of grain and fruit. Gradually the land was taken up by settlers; at first with a view to raising stock. Probably in no part of our vast public domain have the experiments of early settlers in raising grain and fruit been so uniformly satisfactory and successful.

The writer has been traveling extensively in the Northwest and has lately made a study of Eastern Washington and visited most of its prominent towns and mingled with old settlers and learned many things concerning this favored land, some of which might interest Eastern readers. At the new town of Johnson, Whitman County, opportunities for investment are very promising, both for capitalists and homeseekers. No more productive country lies under the sun than that which surrounds Johnson for many miles. This place is mentioned because it seems to be a natural center of business and trade and is surrounded by a farming country which has no superiors and few equals. It is now only beginning its real growth. When the Spokane & Palouse branch of the N. P. Railroad was built through Whitman County, a station was located at Johnson, and the immense shipments of grain made from that place soon made it apparent that here was a country that would cause a town to be built, and Johnson is beginning to loom up—a natural result of the demand of the people of a large scope of fertile territory for a more convenient trading center.

The founders of the town are offering very liberal terms, and all are welcome who will sign an agreement to help make it a temperance town. No restrictions in the deeds, but a temperance sentiment is promoted which is attracting an excellent class of citizens, and no saloons are tolerated within its borders. A fine school house, built a year or two ago, is already too small to accommodate the increasing number of children and another must be built. An energetic newspaper, the *New State News*, was started last year. A solid bank was opened last February and is doing a good business. Here is an excellent opening for a flouring mill to be built. We will mention W. E. Bramel, Johnson, Washington who is willing to give useful information to investors, homeseekers and capitalists.

AN ATTRACTIVE FEATURE.—One of the attractive features of the Palouse Country is the absence of insect pests. While the residents of other portions of this great land of the free are writhing under the torment of fleas or mosquitoes, we enjoy immunity from both.—*Garfield (Wash.) Enterprise*.

#### POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

##### A Great Success---Enlargement of the Smith Premier Typewriter Works at Syracuse, N. Y., a Necessity.

For some time the manufacturers of the Smith Premier typewriter have contemplated the erection of an additional building to accommodate their rapidly increasing business. The company is now in the twenty-seventh month of its existence, having been organized in February, 1890, and at present is shipping in the seventeen thousands. When the present five-story building was erected Lyman C. Smith, the general manager, believed that he was making provisions for many years to come, but already they have outgrown their present quarters and ground has been broken for a new building adjoining the present one, and work will be pushed as rapidly as possible. It is expected that the new building will be ready for occupancy by September 1 at the latest. The building will be 130 by 60 feet, and eight stories high. The company is now fully 2,000 machines behind orders, and this fact, together with the constantly increasing business makes additional room necessary. It is estimated that the increase of the last year over the business of 1890 was more than 100 per cent. There are employed at present between 350 and 400 men, and when the new building is completed the number will be increased to 800 or 900. The company has been in existence only twenty-seven months and is manufacturing a new machine.

The present monthly output is between 1,000 and 1,500 machines, and this number will be doubled when the new building is completed. The Smith Premier company have offices in St. Paul and Minneapolis.

##### The Art Preservative.

It is now 450 years since the art of printing—that greatest boon to mankind—was discovered. Printing revolutionized the world. It did what neither Church nor State had done—it gradually educated the masses, made men more liberal and paved the way to freedom and its natural results. What thing of human origin has done more? Were it not for printing, where would the world be to-day? You would not know what the world is doing, and we should not be able to adopt this means of telling you that the best line to take when going to and fro between Duluth, West Superior and the Twin Cities and other points, is the Saint Paul & Duluth Railroad, commonly known as "The Duluth Short Line." Excellent equipment, speedy trains, smooth rails, convenient schedules and close connections have ever made it popular with all. For information address Geo. W. Bull, General Passenger Agent, or Geo. C. Gillilan, Asst. G. P. A., St. Paul, Minn.

##### For Railway Machinists.

Possibly the handsomest thing of the kind ever issued by a manufacturing concern has just been sent out to their railway patrons and others by the Nathan Manufacturing Company, of New York. It is a fifty-page catalogue (railway edition) illustrating and describing the locomotive injectors and kindred appliances, locomotive lubricators, oil-cups, etc., made by the company, and is indeed a thing of beauty, interesting, from its very attractiveness, to one having no knowledge of machinery. The work contains a hundred fine wood engravings, printed on the most expensive paper, and is bound tastefully and substantially in blue cloth. Locomotive engineers and railway machinists generally will appreciate its value to the fullest.

##### Half Rates to Saratoga, N. Y., via B. & O. R. R.

The Baltimore & Ohio R. R. will sell tickets to Saratoga Springs, New York, on the occasion of the meeting of the National Educational Association, for one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be on sale July 5th to 7th inclusive, and will be valid to return until July 19th inclusive. All B. & O. Vestibuled Express trains, with Pullman sleeping cars, pass through Washington. For full information as to rates, time of trains, and sleeping car accommodations apply to nearest B. & O. agent, or L. S. Allen, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, The Rookery, Chicago.

##### Low Rates to New York and Return.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from Chicago to New York and return at rate of \$16.00 for the round trip for all through trains leaving Chicago July 5th to 7th, inclusive. The tickets will be valid for return journey until August 15th, and will be good for stop over at Deer Park, the famous mountain resort on the summit of the Alleghenies, and also at Washington City. Tickets to New York and return via B. & O. R. R. will also be on sale at the offices of the principal roads throughout the West.

For full information as to time of trains and sleeping car accommodations apply to L. S. Allen, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent B. & O. R. R., The Rookery, Chicago.



#### A War on Worms and Insects.

Mr. F. C. Boucher, consular agent for France at St. Paul, has perfected a preparation for the protection of fields, gardens and orchards from the ravages of insects and worms and for the cure of diseases in vegetables and vines. Mr. Boucher says it is used extensively in Europe and its efficacy is known and recognized there. He hopes to establish its reputation in this country also and is ready to negotiate for the sale of rights—as he owns the exclusive right for the United States. Mr. Boucher has fitted up fine offices in the Germania Life Building.

#### For a Profitable Investment.

West Minneapolis, the new railroad center and manufacturing town, offers the best show for rapid advance in values of any place in the booming Northwest. Nine lines of railroad, a dozen big factories going up, and a new city springing into existence. Highest priced business frontage only \$11 to \$13; residence lots, \$8x127, only \$25. These prices will advance to five times the quoted figures in three years, sure, and some in less time. The Milwaukee, the Great Northern, the Omaha, the Rock Island and the Minneapolis & St. Louis, are all making a point of securing advantages at West Minneapolis. Send for plats to 910 Guaranty Loan Building.

THE WEST MINNEAPOLIS LAND CO.

#### New England Conservatory of Music.

The New England Conservatory of Music begins its next term September 8, 1892, under more auspicious circumstances and with greater advantages and attractions to students than ever before in its career. The receipt of a large endowment fund provides the Conservatory with free scholarships and enables it to offer its students opportunities unsurpassed by any similar institution in the world. The courses include music in all its departments, both vocal and instrumental, fine arts, elocution and oratory, literature, languages, pianoforte and organ tuning.

#### Model Locomotive Engines.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad has just placed in service on its Chicago Division three new passenger engines, built at the Baldwin Locomotive Works, after new designs furnished by the Gen'l Superintendent of Motive Power of the B. & O. Company. The engines weigh 113,000 pounds, having driving wheels six feet six inches in diameter, cylinders nineteen by twenty-four inches, and are without doubt the finest passenger locomotives running into the city of Chicago to-day. Companions of these new engines have developed wonderful power and speed in hauling the famous Royal Blue Line trains, which run between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, over the Philadelphia Division of the B. & O. Railroad. The B. & O. has added over forty new, high class engines to its motive power equipment within the last sixty days, and others are under construction. While constantly adding engines of approved design and highest grade to its motive power and passenger coaches of Pullman standard to its rolling stock, the B. & O. is also expending large amounts for additional second and third tracks and sidings, and improved facilities at terminal points. By the time the World's Fair is opened for the reception of visitors the B. & O. will be well equipped to handle, expeditiously, the large volume of passenger traffic which will naturally seek this picturesque route from the Atlantic seaboard to Chicago.

#### The Columbian Cyclopaedia.

There has long been need of a cyclopaedia which should occupy a middle ground between the technical and costly works and the fragmentary and cheap publications which have been dignified by the general name of cyclopaedia. The Columbian Cyclopaedia was projected to meet this want and it has met it so completely that it is sure to hold the field against all comers.

There are various ways in which the Columbian is a marked improvement over other cyclopedias. The first glance shows that it is by far the most convenient work of the kind in the market. Instead of the heavy and clumsy form in which other cyclopedias have appeared the Columbian is bound in volumes of medium size which are easily handled. Opening one of the books we find that the paper is good, the type clear and open, and the lines not too long to be easily read. The same regard to convenience has been shown in the

arrangement of the matter which the work contains. All the information appears in alphabetical order. The first and last titles appear on the back of each volume, so that it can be seen at a glance which one to consult for any particular subject, and a head-line on the top of each page shows the first and last topic which appears at any place at which the book is opened. In the extent and variety of its contents the Columbian also challenges the admiration of the reader. He expects to find a cyclopaedia. He does find one, and an excellent one, but combined with and running through it he finds a full pronouncing and defining dictionary of the English language. This is an important item, as it saves the cost of a dictionary and adds to the convenience of using the cyclopaedia. The selection of topics has been on a very broad scale. In fact, the Columbian touches life and labor at all points and covers the whole range of human knowledge. A very large number of topics which do not appear in other cyclopedias are treated here. The important points of the subjects treated are stated concisely and clearly and a careful discrimination is made between topics of permanent importance and those of merely transient interest. Another important point is the fact that very recent information has been secured. The peculiar "make-up" of the Columbian admits of the insertion of new matter at any point and we find that the earlier volumes, as well as those just completed have been brought closely down to date. Practically, the Columbian supplies the place of an extensive library and saves the necessity of buying a great number of books on science, art, mythology, biography, law, literature, religion, commerce, agriculture, and the many other branches of knowledge upon which intelligent people are always wanting information. This great work is now more than three-

quarters done and is being rapidly pushed toward completion. It will contain 26,000 pages, and nearly 7,000 illustrations. It is, in every respect, a thoroughly good work. For the great majority of people we believe it to be much the best work of the kind which can be obtained. It is sold by subscription only and must be a very desirable work for agents to handle. Specimen pages, with descriptive circulars, will be forwarded to applicants by the publishers, GARRETSON, COX & CO., 303 Pearl Street, New York, N. Y.

#### A New Era.—A New Invention by which Old Building Fronts May be Made New at a Small Cost.

A St. Paul firm has succeeded after a series of experiments in producing a building front of sheet copper that promises much towards rejuvenating business blocks of original cheap construction or those that have become unsightly by the natural process of decay of stone or brick incident to this rigorous climate. Many hundreds of people, the writer among the number, have been attracted during the past fortnight by the handsome new copper front on the building occupied by P. V. Dwyer & Bros., 96 East Third Street. The accompanying sketch shows the building as completed in imitation rough stone with proper ornamentation. With a view to ascertaining its practicability for restoring the antiquated fronts of Third Street the writer interviewed several architects and others competent to pronounce on its merits. The St. Paul Roofing and Cornice Works of this city is the patentee of the process and construction of the front in question. Mr. Deslauriers of that firm kindly furnished this information:

Copper, while new, is handsome, but age improves it, and after twenty years of wear its rich bronze color has no equal. The cost of the front illustrated in the sketch is about \$750. If the building should be destroyed by fire, earthquake or general chaos they would buy the copper, paying a large percentage of its original cost. No paint is required. Any architectural effect can be produced. It is put on in blocks without solder, is water tight and cannot break or blow off.

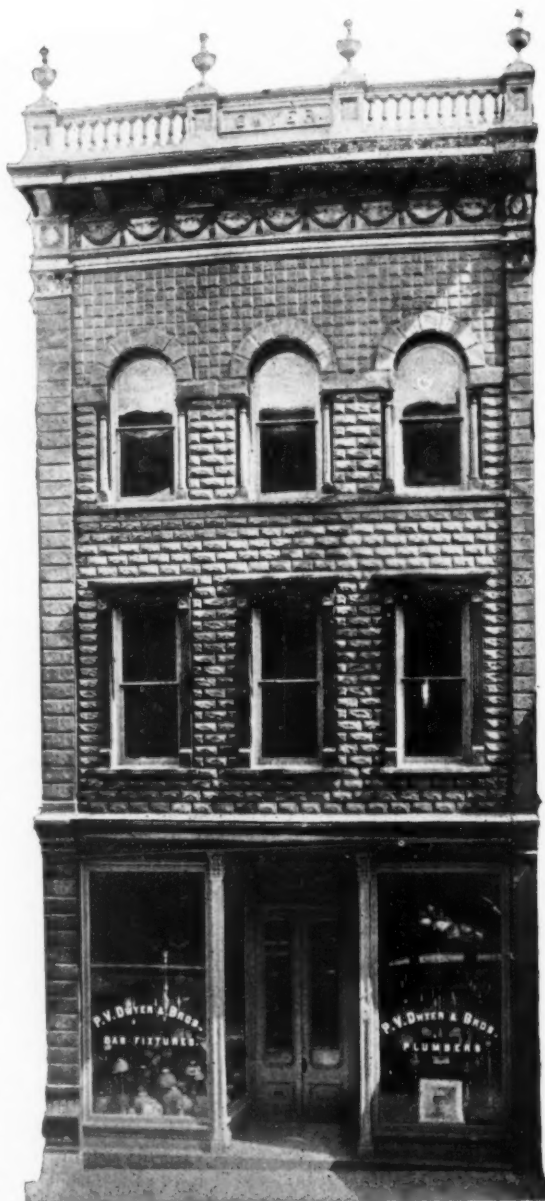
Millard & Joy, the architects, opine that it is bound to work a revolution in front reconstruction of this city, and is destined to be used largely in new buildings where lightness and effect is the desideratum. Some objection is made to it by architects because it is put on in block in imitation of stone; but the imitation is not intended to deceive; it is simply an effect. Instance the leaf designs on the stonework of the Pioneer Press building, where no idea prevails of creating an impression that they are real leaves.

Herman Kreitz, the architect, feels that every property owner on Third Street could profitably utilize the new process, its beauty, cheapness and durability recommending it. He thinks it will be used largely in the future.

"What do I think of it?" said A. F. Gauger. "Why, I think so much of it that I designed to use it in the new Grand Central Market, but was so hampered by details by the lately deposed building inspector that I simplified my plans. However, it is a good thing, strong, light, fire proof and capable of pleasing effects. For the giant buildings of the later days it is hardly to be selected, but for smaller buildings or for reconstructing fronts it is desirable.

E. P. Bassford, whose reputation as an architect is national, has a good opinion of the copper front and would be pleased to see it generally adopted by the owners of decaying fronts on Third Street. He does not necessarily endorse the architectural design of the building in question. He suggests that galvanized iron is also used to make a still cheaper front, variety and protection being given by paint.

The *Northwestern Builder and Decorator* in a recent issue has this to say: "The St. Paul Roofing and Cornice Works are putting upon the market an artistic, durable and fire-proof store front which commends itself to architects, builders and owners, and especially to insurance people. We must confess an agreeable surprise at the artistic patterns made by the house, some of which are purely classical and none of which offend good taste. If for no other reason these fronts should elicit the commendation of architects; but they are destined to do a great



METALLIC FRONT MADE BY THE ST. PAUL ROOFING & CORNICE WORKS.



service, as they will supplant dangerous wood construction and cheap brick work. The front of copper just put upon the store of P. V. Dwyer & Bros., 96 East Third Street, is attracting a great deal of attention, and it is safe to say that it makes the handsomest front upon that street. This work is worthy of special commendation for the smaller cities where wood, of most hideous designs, is extensively used. Although galvanized iron may be used, and is somewhat cheaper, it cannot be compared in beauty with the copper which needs no painting and is practically indestructible. The other day the writer asked the opinion of a number of architects upon these fronts, and they were unanimous in their praise of them, particularly of the copper, which is one of our most valuable building materials.

"The St. Paul Roofing and Cornice Works deserve great credit for fitting of an extensive manufacturing plant to make these fronts, and for recognizing the fact that good taste in their designs will receive recognition even in the country, while it will gain for them the good will of architects in all cities. Our readers should remember that any carpenter can put on these fronts, and that they will be profitable to the trade to handle."

Mr. B. L. Ames, the well known electrical expert, believes it to be a solution of the question of cheap rejuvenation, at the same time leaving the building in convenient shape for the wiring and accommodation of electrical improvements. Messrs. Bazille & Partridge, the decorators, looking upon it from an artistic point of view, are highly pleased with the effect and the opportunity it gives for variety. They see the great possibilities in the use of sheet steel and galvanized iron for still cheaper fronts with a protection of paint. With this array of testimony and a practical application in the city, it should not be long until some substantial developments should be seen on old Third Street.

#### More Trains to Chicago.

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE—C., St. P., M. & O. Ry. now offers new and better train service and with more comforts for travelers to the World's Fair City, as follows:

**BADGER STATE EXPRESS** (Daily) Leave Minneapolis 7:15 A. M., St. Paul 7:55 A. M., Eau Claire 11:00 A. M., Dinner in Dining Car and arrive Milwaukee 7:55 P. M., Chicago 9:35 P. M.

This train with Luxurious Parlor Cars gives a daylight ride through the most beautiful portion of Wisconsin affording a delightful panorama view the entire distance and reaching Chicago in ample time to connect with more night trains for the East and South than by any other line.

**ATLANTIC EXPRESS** (Ex. Sunday) Leave Minneapolis 4:35 P. M., St. Paul 5:15 P. M., Eau Claire 8:24 P. M., and arrive Chicago 8:00 A. M., connecting with early trains of the Chicago & Grand Trunk, Monon, Chicago & Alton, Illinois Central, Wabash and other lines.

This train has Palace Sleeping Cars with Buffet Service—Lunch served at any hour.

**VESTIBULE LIMITED** (Daily) Leave Minneapolis 7:25 P. M., St. Paul 8:05 P. M., Eau Claire 11:00 P. M., arrive Milwaukee 7:25 A. M., Chicago 9:30 A. M.

In arranging the time of this "Vestibule Limited" it is not made a fast running train, although consuming only 13½ hours St. Paul to Chicago, but it is *timed for comfort*, making but very few stops which gives long steady runs and with the handsomely furnished new and improved Sleeping Cars and lighted by gas together with the Breakfast Service in Dining Car before arriving in Chicago the trip is one of comfort and luxury unapproachable by any other line.

Secure Tickets and Sleeping Car Accommodations via THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE, at following offices:

150 East Third Street, St. Paul.  
13 Nicollet House Block, Minneapolis.  
332 Hotel St. Louis Block Duluth.

#### The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. Now Runs

"Parlor Cars to Chicago,"  
"Daylight Trains to Chicago,"  
"Solid Vestibuled Trains to Chicago,"  
"Steam Heated Trains to Chicago,"  
"Electric Lighted Trains to Chicago,"  
"Electric Reading Lamps in Berths,"  
"Finest Dining Cars in the World,"  
"Thirteen hours and a half to Chicago,"  
"Solid Vestibuled Trains to Kansas City,"  
"Double Daily Pullman Service to St. Louis,"  
"Through Coaches to St. Louis,"  
"Through Coaches to Kansas City on Morning and Evening Trains,"  
"Elegant Day Coaches,"  
"Magnificent Lunch Cars,"  
"Pullman's Best Sleepers,"  
"The Shortest and Quickest Line,"  
"The Best Route to Kansas City,"  
"The Best Route to St. Louis,"  
"The Best Route to Colorado,"  
"To Kansas, to California,"  
"To the West and Southwest,"  
Secure accommodations from the Company's agents in St. Paul or Minneapolis, or from any coupon ticket agent in the Northwest.

# Northern Pacific RAILROAD LANDS FOR SALE.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company has a large quantity of very productive and desirable

## AGRICULTURAL AND GRAZING LANDS

For sale at LOW RATES and on EASY TERMS. These lands are located along the line in the States traversed by the Northern Pacific Railroad as follows:

In Minnesota,	-	-	Upwards of 1,450,000 Acres
In North Dakota,	-	-	" 6,700,000 Acres
In Montana,	-	-	" 17,600,000 Acres
In Northern Idaho,	-	-	" 1,750,000 Acres
In Washington and Oregon,	-	-	9,750,000 Acres

AGGREGATING OVER

**37,000,000 Acres.**

These lands are for sale at the LOWEST PRICES ever offered by any railroad company, ranging chiefly

**FROM \$1.25 TO \$6 PER ACRE**

For the best Wheat Lands, the best diversified Farming Lands, and the best Grazing Lands now open for settlement. In addition to the millions of acres of low priced lands for sale by the Northern Pacific R. R. Co., on easy terms, there is still a large amount of Government land lying in alternate sections with the railroad lands, open for entry, free, to settlers, under the Homestead, Pre-emption, and Tree Culture Laws.

### TERMS OF SALE OF NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R. LANDS:

Agricultural land of the company east of the Missouri River, in Minnesota and North Dakota, are sold chiefly at from \$4 to \$6 per acre. Grazing lands at from \$3 to \$4 per acre, and the preferred stock of the company will be received at par in payment. When lands are purchased on five years' time, one-sixth stock or cash is required at time of purchase, and the balance in five equal annual payments in stock or cash, with interest at 7 per cent.

The price of agricultural lands in North Dakota west of the Missouri River, ranges chiefly from \$3 to \$3.50 per acre, and grazing lands from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per acre. In Montana the price ranges chiefly from \$3 to \$5 per acre for agricultural land, and from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per acre for grazing lands. If purchased on five years' time, one-sixth cash, and the balance in five equal annual cash payments, with interest at 7 per cent. per annum.

The price of agricultural lands in Washington and Oregon ranges chiefly from \$2.60 to \$6 per acre. If purchased on five years' time, one-fifth cash. At end of first year the interest only on the unpaid amount. One-fifth of principal and interest due at end of each of next four years. Interest at 7 per cent. per annum.

On Ten Years' Time.—Actual settlers can purchase not to exceed 320 acres of agricultural land in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon on ten years' time at 7 per cent. interest, one-tenth cash at time of purchase and balance in nine equal annual payments, beginning at the end of the second year. At the end of the first year the interest only is required to be paid. Purchasers on the ten-years' credit plan are required to settle on the land purchased and to cultivate and improve the same.

For Prices of lands and town lots in Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana, Eastern Land District of the Northern Pacific Railroad, apply to WM. WAUGH, Gen'l Land Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

For prices of lands and town lots in Washington, Idaho, and Oregon, Western Land District of the Northern Pacific Railroad, apply to PAUL SCHULZE, Gen'l Land Agt., Tacoma, Wash.

### WRITE FOR PUBLICATIONS.

**DO THIS!** Send for the following named illustrated publications, containing sectional land maps, and describing the finest large bodies of fertile AGRICULTURAL AND GRAZING LANDS now open for settlement in the United States.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company mail free to all applicants the following Illustrated Publications, containing valuable maps, and describing Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. They describe the country, soil, climate and productions; the agricultural and grazing areas; the mineral districts and timbered sections; the cities and towns; the free Government lands; the low-priced railroad lands for sale, and the natural advantages which the Northern Pacific country offers to settlers. The publications contain a synopsis of the United States land laws, the terms of sale of railroad lands, rates of fare for settlers, and freight rates for household goods and emigrant movables. The publications referred to are as follows:

**A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF NORTH DAKOTA**, showing the Government lands open to settlers, and those taken up, and the railroad lands for sale and those sold in the district covered by the map. It contains descriptive matter concerning the country, soil, climate and productions, and the large areas of unsurpassed agricultural and pastoral lands adapted to diversified farming in connection with stock raising.

**A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF EASTERN WASHINGTON AND NORTHERN IDAHO**, showing the unoccupied and occupied Government lands, the sold and unsold railroad lands, with descriptive matter relating to this portion of the Northern Pacific country. This region contains large areas of fine agricultural lands and grazing ranges, rich mineral districts and valuable bodies of timber.

**A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF WESTERN AND CENTRAL WASHINGTON**, showing the unoccupied and occupied Government lands, the sold and unsold railroad lands, in Central and Western Washington, including the Puget Sound section, with descriptive matter concerning the extensive timber regions, mineral districts, and the agricultural and grazing lands.

**A MONTANA MAP**, showing the Land Grant of the Northern Pacific R. R. Co., and the Government surveys in the districts covered by the map, with descriptions of the country, its grazing ranges, mineral districts, forests, and agricultural sections.

### ALSO SECTIONAL LAND MAPS OF DISTRICTS IN MINNESOTA.

When writing for publications, include the names and addresses of acquaintances, and publications will be sent to them also.

**WRITE FOR PUBLICATIONS.**—They are illustrated and contain valuable maps and descriptive matter, and are MAILED FREE OF CHARGE to all applicants. For information relating to lands and the Northern Pacific country, address

**P. B. GROAT,**  
General Emigration Agent,

or  
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

**CHAS. B. LAMBORN,**  
Land Commissioner,



### Wisconsin.

THE steamer "Samuel Mathe," the twenty-second whaleback, was launched at West Superior last month, and is of greater capacity than any so far constructed, being intended to carry 100,000 bushels of wheat in fourteen feet of water. Its length is 323 feet, beam 38, depth 24. This brings the total tonnage of the American Barge Company to 60,000, which is twice the capacity of any other line of lake vessels, and by fall will be raised to over 100,000 tons.

THE Lake Shore made a good showing for shipments for the week ending Wednesday evening and swelled its season's total 42,553 tons, putting it at 161,945 tons. From both docks the season's shipments are 306,082 tons. *Ashtand News.*

AN active lumber town has grown up during the past year at Iron River, at the point where the Duluth-Ashtand line of the Northern Pacific crosses that stream, and now there is a project to establish a shipping port about fifteen miles distant at the mouth of the river and to secure for it harbor improvements and rail connections. One of the best brownstone quarries on Lake Superior is located at that point.

THE Lehigh Coal and Iron Co. will probably add another 120 ovens to its coke plant at Superior this summer, new contracts having been made for an output that will warrant it. This company is also adding materially to its coal dock structure. The dock proper was completed to the dock line in 1889, but there remains 1,500 feet of it that has not heretofore been used for piling coal. The superstructure will now be extended the whole length of the dock, which means the addition of a handling capacity of about 200,000 tons per annum, bringing the total handling capacity up to about 800,000 tons, and making it the largest single coal dock in the world. *Indian Ocean.*

### Minnesota.

MINNEAPOLIS is to have a pearl button factory.

THE prospects for another large wheat crop are excellent all over the State.

LITTLE FALLS continues to grow as the direct result of the important operations of the Pine Tree Lumber Company, generally known as the Weyerhaeuser syndicate, at that point.

NEARLY a thousand men are engaged in the preparation of grounds and the erection of buildings for the Walter A. Wood harvester works in St. Paul. The site is in the extreme eastern part of the city.

THE excavations for the new post-office building in St. Paul are entirely in solid limestone rock after the removal of about two feet of soil, so that the present operations resemble the opening of a great stone quarry. Nearly the whole of this year will be consumed in getting the foundation ready for the walls.

SOMETHING of the wonderful mineral resources of Montana can be realized from the bullion shipments from Butte and Helena alone, during the year 1891. Silver bullion to the extent of 1,576 bars, valued at \$863,145, was shipped from Butte, while Helena shipped gold bullion to the value of \$1,578,360, making a total from these two points of \$2,347,505. *Helena Journal.*

THE new building of the Minneapolis Brewing and Malting Company, located in Northeast Minneapolis, is probably the finest building of the kind in the United States. It is 210x380 feet, five stories high, not including the towers. The capacity of this immense brewing plant at the present time is 300,000 barrels of beer yearly, and this capacity can easily be doubled whenever necessary. This company uses Minnesota barley entirely for making malt.

THE proposition to issue \$100,000 in bonds in aid of the railroad to be built by the Northern Mill Company was almost unanimously voted by the city of Brainerd. The proposition carries with it the removal of the mill now at Gull River to Brainerd and its reconstruction upon an enlarged scale. This work will be done at the end of the sawing season, and in the mean time the work of building the railroad will go on. The enterprise is an important one to Brainerd. It will give

that city another first-class sawmill managed by experienced and capable men who now control a large amount of timber. *Minneapolis Lumberman.*

### North Dakota.

A COLONY, consisting of sixty Russians, arrived at Dickinson last month. These settlers have friends already located in Stark County, and will at once secure lands.

THERE is great activity in building at Grand Forks. Six hundred feet of brick fronts and 125 houses are under erection and 150 more contracted for. Ten million brick, the entire annual capacity of the yards, are already contracted for.

THE Asotin *Scout* reports that an immense body of sienna paint has been discovered near the Snake River in Asotin County. That section is continually surprising the Northwest with the number and extent of her resources, which, when developed, will make her one of the richest counties in the State.

OF the States formerly north of the central division North Dakota now stands twelfth in population and second in percentage of growth. In area North Dakota is about equal to the New England States combined, with Maryland thrown in for good measure, while South Dakota could take in all these and New Jersey besides. The largest county in North Dakota would furnish land for a Delaware and a Rhode Island and then have several big farms to spare, and South Dakota has a county as large as Delaware.

THE prairies and the plowed fields are dotted with ponds of standing water. The air is full of anticipation and the North Dakota man is braced up for a period of prosperity like unto the early eighties. The long lane has had a turn. The men who have lived through the hard times, stood frost and drouth, and still are in sound health, ought not to give up what has been acquired, for the benefit of some new-comer. Occasionally an instance of that kind is found, and excites comment as a short-sighted policy indeed. *Jameson Alert.*

THE valuation of real estate in North Dakota is steadily increasing. The McHenry County *Independent* says that claims in that county that were mortgaged two or three years ago for as many hundred dollars, which have since been foreclosed, are now being sold in Minnesota, Iowa and other States, for as high as fifteen hundred dollars. An evidence of the fact that property here is becoming desirable was had last Saturday when the sheriff offered for sale at public auction the Rodger's claim, situated some sixteen miles north of Towner, to satisfy a mortgage amounting to over \$500. An agent of the mortgagee was present and bid the amount of the mortgage. This was quickly raised, and the property finally sold for \$650. This has been an unusual occurrence in North Dakota, and is said never before to have occurred in McHenry County.

### South Dakota.

IF encouraging words from the people and the press of St. Paul could build railroads we would not long remain without railroad connections with the saintly city. But other things are necessary. St. Paul has plenty of money to build railroads, and if invested in the Rapid City, Missouri & St. Paul road, the investment would be a good one, not alone for the increase of business to St. Paul, but in the profits that would accrue to the investors. The first great work to be accomplished is to make the moneyed men up that way understand and believe this. *Rapid City Journal.*

### Montana.

THE Chicago Iron Works, manufacturers of mining machinery and machinery for the reduction of ores, have established their Western office in Helena, Montana. Mr. Menno Unzieker is in charge of the Western and Northwestern business.

FRANK WHITE, of Red Lodge, who was in Bozeman last week, had with him a large chunk of asphaltum, which had been found near Red Lodge. This specimen was a very fine one and could be cut as readily as cheese. He says that large bodies of it will be found near Red Lodge, as well petroleum, which is now being found some distance from that camp. The St. Louis parties who bonded the petroleum field have made their first payment on the property and the outlook for Red Lodge is very cheering. *Bozeman Chronicle.*

THE suggestion has been made that Montana's building at the World's Fair should show in some conspicuous form the worth and beauty of the granite found in different parts of this State. It is certain that in no section of the United States can be found building stone so durable and possessed of so many shades of color as in Montana. Evidence of this can be found in many buildings in this city and Great Falls. There

would probably be no difficulty in making such alterations of plans as would provide for a fine archway or entrance of Montana granite into the State's building at Chicago. It would attract much admiration and attention at a time when Montana looks for unusual opportunities in making known her resources. *Helena Independent.*

### Idaho.

IDAHO has an advantage that is not enjoyed in such a marked degree by any other Rocky Mountain State—it has almost limitless gold fields. The new process for reducing auriferous iron pyrites is going to bring hundreds of gold bearing ledges into the list of producers, and will probably put Idaho far in the lead in the production of that metal. Other States have gold districts, but Idaho has a gold empire, and the time is not far distant when its mines will be adding enormously to the world's stock of the yellow metal. *Boise Statesman.*

DISCOVERIES are reported of free-milling silver ores in paying quantities in the Crazy Mountains, near Big Timber. The *Pioneer* of that place says active work has been begun on a mine called the Bonanza in that district. It appears that the mine has been developed to some extent, and that a lead has been found which is from eight to nine feet in width, and runs about forty ounces in silver to the ton. It would seem that there is no end to the mineral zone in Montana, and that paying mines will yet be found in every county in the State. *Mining Review.*

WORK has been progressing slowly in the opal mines for several weeks past, a force of five or six men being employed in stripping the earth from over the rock where the opals are found. The company have been preparing the mine so that a larger force could be employed. In a little over a day and a half the men uncovered opals valued at over five hundred dollars. Several of the specimens are the finest that have been found and will bring from fifty to a hundred dollars per carat, when dressed. On account of the heavy rains and the water in the earth the work of clearing off the surface has been very slow, and but little can be accomplished until the weather moderates and the moisture in the earth settles below where the opals are found. When that time arrives a force of twelve to fifteen men will be put on and work will be pushed as fast as possible. The products of the mine find a speedy sale and the quantities found make it a very paying business. During the summer a great many of these precious stones will undoubtedly be unearthed. *Moscow Mirror.*

### Oregon.

THE wool clip of Eastern Oregon will probably be worth over \$2,000,000.

RIDDLE is jubilant over the fact that her vast mineral deposits are about to be developed. The nickel mine under the management of Mr. Brown has commenced work in a manner that shows the owners mean business. Over forty men are now engaged in cutting a wagon road to the mine, while a number are raising ore. Reduction works are to be erected immediately. *Oregonian.*

LINKVILLE, or Klamath Falls, as it is now known, stands in a situation of great promise. There are tributary to it in Klamath County alone 345,000 acres of farming lands, a greater portion of which are subject to irrigation, 511,000 acres of grazing lands and 1,250,000 acres of timber. It is also sure to become a manufacturing point of no small importance, being situated on a river which has a fall of sixty-five feet to the mile. *Oregonian.*

THE Albany *Herald* says that officers of the Interior Department stated that the allotment of lands of the Siletz Indian Reservation will be completed soon, not later than this summer, when negotiations will at once commence for the release of the surplus lands to settlement. This reservation contains 225,000 acres, and there are about 560 Indians to whom allotments are being made, in addition to which the State becomes entitled to about twenty-two school sections. There will remain a surplus of about 162,400 acres for settlers.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Oregonian*, writing from Umatilla County, says: "The native or wild strawberries, grown on the Blue Mountains and found everywhere, grow to the size of large hickory nuts and are the sweetest, most luscious strawberry ever seen. Huckleberries grow to the fullness of size and flavor, as well as do blackberries, both of these being natives. In short, anything in the fruit line is found here. The successful cultivation of corn—that, too, when really no attention is paid it after seeding—should convince anyone of the superior climate. Corn seeded on sod never receives the slightest attention until husking or chopping-down time comes. Lands are the enticing feature of this country, as prices do not rule high for so settled and good a country. If Illinois had such good lands and such a climate, where crops never fail, they would bring \$250 an acre."



**Washington.**

At the new car shops at Edison, near Tacoma, 300 Pullman stock cars are being built.

Work is now going on vigorously on the new tourists' hotel at Tacoma. It will cost \$750,000.

THE Port Orchard dry dock is to be 600 feet long, seventy feet wide at the bottom and will admit a vessel of thirty feet draught. It will exceed in size the great dry dock at Esquimalt, B. C., which is 550 feet in length, sixty feet wide and will take in a ship of twenty-seven feet draught. Work was lately begun.

THE first wire nail manufactured in the State of Washington was made at the works of the Puget Sound Wire Nail and Steel Company of Everett, May 10. The great plant is now in full operation, making the nails to fill urgent orders. It was a great day for Everett, as it brought with it the starting up of one of the city's immense industries. The visitors numbered many hundreds, and they all went away with nails of the first lot turned out on the coast.

THE women of Washington will present six urns for decoration in the women's buildings and grounds at the World's Fair. They will be composed of gray granite, white marble, pink marble, dalmite—a greenish stone, magnesite—a blue stone, and pottery clay. These will be attractively ornamented with the minerals of the State, which consist of gold, silver, onyx, opal, copper, coal and iron. A magnificent painting of Mt. Tacoma (Rainier) at Bierstadt will also be one of the attractions. This painting is valued at \$10,000.

THE Spokane Falls & Northern is one of the most profitable lines of railway in the country. As soon as the limits of the city are passed the road runs through alternating forests and rich valleys. The valleys are being rapidly settled, and the timber product reaches the city in shape of wood or lumber. After reaching the Colville Valley, which is the best hay producer in the State, the mining country is reached, and many valuable properties are already adding their product to the increasing traffic of that road, while many hundreds of prospects only require development to place them on the list of shippers; and all this in the space of less than three years.—*Spokane Mining Review*.

MR. WILLIAM L. LAFOLLETTE of Pullman, Washington, who has been appointed superintendent of the agricultural department in this State's World's Fair work, is arranging to adorn the great agricultural display that will be sent from this State with a complete model Washington farm in miniature. He will have farm houses, barns, fences, and fields of growing grain. There will be fields of summer fallow with tiny gang plows in the furrows. Threshers, binders, and all other farm machinery will be shown in miniature just as they appear while in use here in the far away West. Such an undertaking to be so complete in all its details as is planned by Mr. LaFollette would be very expensive, but he has a plan by which he can secure this desirable feature for the exhibit at a very moderate cost to the State.—*South Bend Herald*.

THE Walla Walla fruit growers are traveling the high road to success. As a beginning they organized a fruit growers' association. At its meetings are discussed the questions of varieties, the preparation of ground, methods of cultivation and care, marketing, etc. The consideration of the last mentioned point led to making arrangements to send fruits and vegetables to the Eastern cities. We consequently read that car loads of vegetables are now being sent daily to Spokane, Helena and other towns. The shipment of strawberries has been very large. Later in the season Minneapolis and St. Paul will receive plums, prunes and pears from the Walla Walla orchards by the train load.

THE value of Palouse soil still keeps constantly climbing. The greatest sale of farm real estate ever made in the county took place recently in the transfer by L. M. Swift of 880 acres of land for \$57,200 cash, or an average of \$65 an acre. The property lies nine miles west of Colfax along the Palouse River, and is considered a choice farm; about ninety acres of it are in good orchard, but the rest is common grain land. The building improvements are of little worth, leaving the land and the orchard alone to bring the remarkable price. The land is almost all under cultivation and the orchard is one of the best in the State. The trees were planted eight or ten years ago. The buyers were from various parts of Washington and Oregon, the farm having been divided into several tracts especially to be sold. The transfers were made at public auction. An excursion train was run all the way from Spokane to bring buyers, and farmers were there for many miles around. The sale is taken by farmers and real estate dealers to mean that the price of Palouse land may be expected to advance thirty per cent this summer.—*Palouse Gazette*.

**Manitoba.**

THE Port Arthur, Duluth & Western Railway Co. have commenced construction work again on their road.

BUILDINGS to the value of \$242,625 are already arranged for in Winnipeg for this season. A good number of expensive structures are going up this year and it is expected there will be fully a million and a half spent before 1893. Last season more building was done in the city than any previous year since 1882, and 1892 promises to exceed last year by fully \$500,000. Houses continue scarce. Some 300 will be built this year to meet the demand.—*Western World*.

J. J. BUCKNALL, produce commission merchant, Winnipeg, recently received an enquiry for Manitoba tinned butter from Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, and has forwarded some samples of the article to that country. Mr. de la Bordiere, of the St. Malo creamery, has been the first to put up tinned butter in Manitoba, and it is through the exhibition of this article at the Jamaica Exposition, and at Paris, that the inquiry came from Brazil. New Zealand tinned butter is used in Brazil largely, but there is complaint it is not up to quality. Mr. Bucknall has also contracted with parties at Hong Kong, China, to make shipments of butter there, by each of the China steamers from Vancouver.—*Norwest Farmer*.



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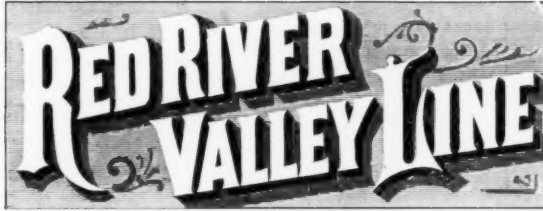
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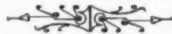
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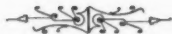
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Jane: "I don't know."

Teacher: "Why, Jane, you ought to know that. Mary, who was the mother of Moses?"

Mary: "I don't know."

Teacher: "Martha, can you tell?"

Martha: "No, mum."

Teacher: "Why, girls, I am ashamed of

turning till the gray dawn of early morn. Usually on such occasions his legs had a wandering inclination and his tongue was glib and thick. His wife intimated that he ought to stay home and read like she did. She was a reader, went into raptures over Browning, knew Shakespeare well and had thought Longfellow a good sort of fellow for some length of time. Placid tried them all and all bored him—nothing quite so good as the club. So the club it was again one night till nearly three. He staggered into the parlor and found his wife reading and waiting. He broke the ice by saying:

"Wife, I've ies' found (hic) out why Longfellow wrote that bu'ful po'm 'bout th' (hic um) bridge."

"F't of despondency, I presume," and the wife tapped her pretty foot against the dog worked in the rug and looked as if she would bite.

"Nodes (hic) pon'cy 'bout it. The reason Long-



ALMOST A HINT.

They were walking under a very little umbrella, and she liked well enough not to want a large spread of alpaca. He was modest, and seemed to be very nervous, and she finally remarked very softly, and with a note of interrogation:

"Charley, I'll carry the umbrella if you will let me."

"Oh, no! I can carry it."

"Yes, Charley, but you see your arm takes up so much room that one side of me is out in the wet."

"I know, Hattie, but what will I do with my arm? Won't it be in the way all the same?"

"I don't know, Charley. Tom Clark always knows what to do with his arm when he is under an umbrella with Mary Martin, because Mary told me so."

you. There is little Jimmy, never knows his lessons. [Jimmy had been by sign indicating his ability to answer the question.] Now, Jimmy, you make these girls ashamed. Tell them who the mother of Moses was."

Jimmy: "Why, Pharoah's daughter, of course."

Teacher: "No, Jimmy, you are mistaken. Pharoah's daughter found Moses in the bull-rushes."

Jimmy: "Oh, rats! That's what she said."—Maverick.

## HE HAD FOUND OUT THE REASON.

Mr. and Mrs. Placid lived rather happily together, but Mr. Placid had a disagreeable way of going to the clubs some evening and not re-

feller stood on the bridge at midnight was because the bridge was turned to let the shloops go by and he couldn't get (hic) off."

## AN INCREDULOUS PROFESSOR.

Tom Anjerry, a student at the University of Texas, applied to Professor Snore for permission to be absent.

"I would like to be excused from my geography lesson this afternoon, as I want to take my sister out riding."

The old professor, who is no fool, looked at the young man over the top of his spectacles and said slowly:

"Want to take your sister out riding, do you? Is she any relation to you?"—Texas Siftings.

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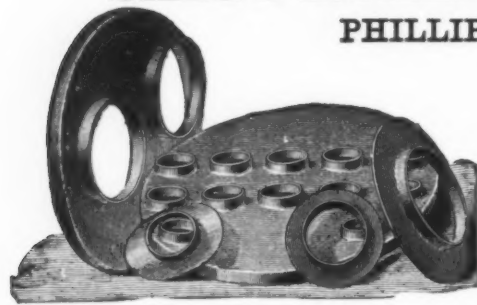
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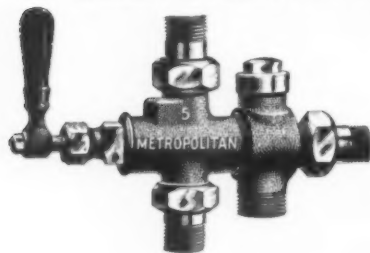
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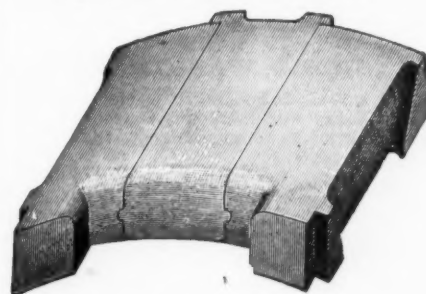
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ing Center of the Pacific  
Northwest.

## LOOK AT THE FOLLOWING EVIDENCES OF ITS GROWTH:

Population in 1880, 720

Population in 1891, 50,000

Assessed value of property, 1882.....	\$75,000
Assessed value of property, 1888.....	\$7,729,625
Assessed value of property, 1891.....	\$32,495,619
Real estate transfers, 1886.....	\$667,355
Real estate transfers, 1888.....	\$8,855,598
Real estate transfers, 1890.....	\$14,720,858
Real estate transfers, 1891.....	\$10,663,297
Number of Banks, 1880.....	1
Number of Banks, 1891.....	23
Bank clearings, 1889.....	\$25,000,000
Bank clearings, 1890.....	\$43,420,448
Bank clearings, 1891.....	\$49,752,170
Wholesale business, 1889.....	\$9,000,000
Wholesale business, 1891.....	\$16,250,000
Money spent in building improvements, 1891.....	\$1,718,173
Money spent in street improvements, 1891.....	\$75,000
Money spent by Northern Pacific Railroad and The Tacoma Land Company in terminal improvements from 1887 to 1889.....	\$1,506,000
Money spent by Northern Pacific Railroad and The Tacoma Land Companies for 1891.....	\$1,400,000
Coal shipped, 1882.....(tons)	56,390
Coal shipped, 1889.....(tons)	180,940

Coal shipped, 1890.....(tons)	236,617
Coal shipped, 1891.....(tons)	195,000
Hop crop, 1881.....(bales)	6,095
Hop crop, 1890.....(bales)	50,000
Lumber exported, 1889.....(feet)	107,320,280
Lumber exported, 1890.....(feet)	150,735,000
Lumber exported, 1891.....(feet)	139,920,000
Wheat shipped, 1881.....(bushels)	55,366
Wheat shipped, 1890.....(bushels)	3,509,096
Wheat shipped, 1891, September to December 15.....(bushels)	2,367,226
Flour shipped, 1890.....(barrels)	80,521
Flour shipped, 1891, September 1 to December 15.....(barrels)	44,033
Number of public school buildings, 1890.....	9
Number of public school buildings, 1891.....	14
Number of pupils in public schools, 1890.....	3,045
Number of pupils in public schools, 1891.....	4,044
Total miles of graded streets, 1891.....	98
Total miles of streets paved or planked, 1891.....	7½
Total miles of sewers built, 1891.....	41
Total miles of street railway, 1891: electric, 27; cable, 2; suburban, 59	81
Total shingle output, 1891.....	425,000,000
Total smelter output, 1891.....	\$856,133

TACOMA is the only natural outlet for the grain crop of the Inland Empire, as Eastern Washington and Oregon is aptly termed, and it costs from \$1,500 to \$4,000 less to ship a cargo of wheat from Tacoma than from any other port north of San Francisco.

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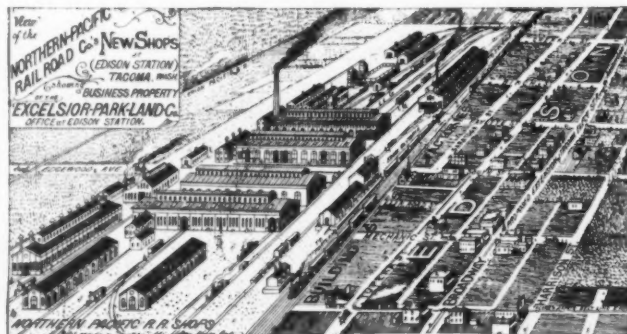
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**A NOVEL PLAN.**—The following novel plan of ridding farms of squirrels is being tried in portions of Asotin County, Washington. The *Scout* says furrows are plowed in the field nearest where the squirrels are thickest, and at a distance of about every thirty or forty feet holes to a depth of about twenty inches are sunk with a post hole digger. The squirrels, it is asserted, will take possession of the furrows as a playground and while running after one another will tumble into these holes, from which they cannot emerge, but die. Several farmers who have tried it say it works admirably.

**BEES AT LARGE IN AN EXPRESS CAR.**—The Northern Pacific Express office at the Columbia Street depot is now inhabited by a swarm of bees. The hive was packed in a box at Portland and consigned to Jacob Burrows, in this city, by the train arriving at 5:15 p. m., on Tuesday. The bottom of the box was broken in handling and the bees leaked out and swarmed all over the car. It was a ticklish job to land the hive at the depot, but it was done without any serious opposition from the bees. The hive now stands in the depot with a continual stream of bees pouring in and out. Many of them have gathered in the roof of the building and others have died in their vain attempts to extract honey from the tide flats. —*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

**PRISON PROBLEM.**—Here is a question for the man to answer who likes to "figger." Suppose that a man, under a ten years' sentence, by gross misconduct forfeits on the very day he would have been released all the good time he had earned, and the board of managers should refuse to restore it, but in consideration of his previous good conduct they allow him to earn good time on the forfeited good time which he is serving out; but again he breaks the discipline just as his time is about to expire, thus losing the good time allowed him for serving good time, and so continuing to earn and forfeit good time on good time, how long will he have to remain in prison? Figure the good time earned on good time at ten days per month. Of course each sentence will be shorter than the one before it. —*Stillwater Prison Mirror.*

**THE MOST VALUABLE PART OF LONDON.**—The part of London in which land is the most valuable is the city, the ground around Lombard Street being worth, it is estimated, not less than £2,000,000 an acre. One house in Lombard Street was rented at £25 a year in 1665; now the building erected on the same site is rented for £2,600 a year under lease from 1877. The rateable annual value of the city rose from about £760 an acre in 1801 to £5,300 an acre in 1881. Amongst the highest prices that have been paid for land in the city may be mentioned Cannon Street, 1880, where a 12x50 foot site brought £4,500, being £7 5s. per square foot, or £330,000 per acre. In the same year a site in Gracechurch Street brought £18 9s. per square foot, or £820,000 per acre, and in 1886 a site in Old Broad Street 42x30 feet, was sold for £37,000, being £28 8s. per square foot, and £1,260,000 per acre. The city of London is the smallest of cities, but the most valuable. It has an area of one square mile, which produces a rental of £1,400,000 per annum. —*Spare Moments.*

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

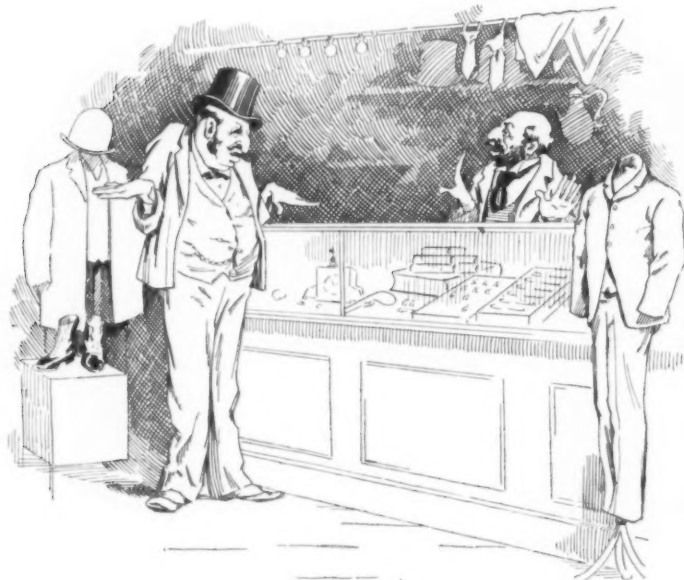
It is a wonder that firemen are not always taking cold, because they so frequently get water in their hose.

"Doctor," said the dying editor, "I have one last favor to ask of you." "Name it," said the doctor. "I want you to attend the editor of the other paper."

Mrs. Berkeley-Jones—"Poor fellow, he lives in a basement."

Berkeley-Jones—"By way of doing penance, I suppose."

Foreigner—"Have you any American composers?" American (proudly): "Lots of 'em. There's Schlos-senwertz, Swepierenseick, Mickwitz, Ouscapiel, Switzerkaserandt, and ever so many more."



Guggenheimer—"For vy you sells out your beesness?" Goldmacher (keeper of pawn shop)—"I goes Vest to make my fortune."

Guggenheimer—"You vill meet mit gombediton oon Vest too. I reads in die bapers ov tu thousand Pawnees at von blace out dare."

Young Mistress—"Well, cook, and what did you think of the young lady's singing?" "Lor mum, she sang beautiful—just as if she was a gurgling."

Mrs. Berkeley-Jones—"So Evelyn Purseful is going to marry the Count Arduppi."

Berkeley-Jones—"I suppose she expects to husband her fortune."

A Nevada hunter spent three months looking for a grizzly bear, and the man's relatives have spent three months looking for him. They think he must have found the bear.

Mrs. Smullot—"Why don't you burn up that pile of trash in the yard?"

Mr. Smullot—"Wind's th' wrong way. The smoke would all blow in our own windows."

Bride—"Now, don't let people know we are on our wedding tour. Act as if you didn't care a snap for me." Groom—"I'm! that won't do nowadays, my dear. People will think we're on our divorce tour."

Neighbor—"Is it true that your husband got converted at the revival last week?"

Mrs. Grabbal—"Yes, and he has resolved hereafter to lead a true Christian life."

Neighbor—"I am delighted to hear it. What is he going to do with his summer hotel?"

Husband—"This is the most remarkable weather I ever saw in my life. It's neither blazing hot nor freezing cold—just right for a spring overcoat. Where is mine?"

Wife—"Really, I don't know. When did you wear it last?"

Husband—"Let—me—see. It was that warm-cold day we had in 1856."

Mother (at a reception)—"Why didn't you accompany Mr. Niccelfello out to supper?"

Sweet Girl—"I prefer to go with papa."

Mother—"Mr. Niccelfello is devoted to you, and seems

much dejected by your refusal. I thought you—er—rather liked him."

Sweet Girl (blushing)—"I do."

Mother—"Then why didn't you go out to supper with him?"

Sweet Girl—"Well, if you must know, it's because I'm ravenously hungry."

Mrs. Berkeley-Jones—"I'm so disappointed in that beggar, Arthur. I gave him a pair of your old trousers, and I believe he's pawned them. He says he's keeping them to honor the Sabbath."

Mrs. Berkeley-Jones—"Ah, the Sabbath in his case will be more honored in the breeches than in the observance."

A lady had placed an easel in a field and sat down by it, sketching from nature, when she was accosted by a boy with, "Please, ma'am, is that me you're drawing milking that cow in the picture?"

"Yes, my little man, but I didn't know you were looking."

"Cause, if it's me," continued the boy, unmindful of the artist's confusion, "you've put me on the wrong side of the cow, and I'll get kicked."

"Remember, brudder, dat de rain falls on bofe de just an de unjust." "Huh!! Not when de unjust kin borrow an umbrella, deacon."

There are people who seem to have an idea that they attract attention in heaven for their piety every time they buy a dish of ice cream at a church festival.

Fussy—"Sir, the howling of your dog annoys me dreadfully."

McGuff—"It do, do it? Maybe yez want me to get a tame baste what can play on the flute."

Wife—"Harry, I never thought that you could change so. You used to say that you might search the world over and you never could find a woman equal to me, and now you are never at home." Husband—"Oh, that's all right, dear; I'm simply making the search now to prove the correctness of my assertion."

## WOMAN'S TALK.

When you find two women conversing to-day With earnestness, if not afraid To listen, you'll surely hear one of them say, "And how are you having it made?"

Mr. Minks—"What a haggard, harassed, woe-begone face that lady has! I wonder what the matter is."

Mrs. Minks—"Poor thing! She has lost all her relatives in some terrible catastrophe, or else she can't find a spring-style bonnet that is becoming."

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There are many of the age of 30 to 50 who are troubled with too frequent evacuation of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting sensation and weakening the system in a manner which the patient cannot account for. On examination it will be found that the urine deposits aropy sediment and sometimes small particles of albumen will appear or the color be of a thin or milky hue, again changing to dark and torpid appearance. There are many who die of this difficulty, ignorant of the cause which is the second stage of weakness.

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*Correspondence solicited and information freely given; special attention given to Eastern inquiries.*



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